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PRUSSIA.

THE circular issued by the new Prussian Ministry puts in a very clear way what are the ideas of government that are intended to prevail in the country. The electors are to elect the right sort of men, or else they are to be considered traitors. The officials are to make it an official duty to keep the electors up to the mark. Those who take an independent line will be the enemies, not of the Ministry, but of the whole State and Government. This is exactly the method of dealing with constituent bodies that has prevailed in France during the whole of this century. Even in the best times of constitutional government there, the Minister of the Interior dictated, openly and publicly, to all his underlings what were the right principles to aid, and what sort of men the bureaucracy were to return. Legitimists, Orleanists, Republicans, and Imperialists have all in turn used this instrument of government. The Ministers at the centre invent the principles of the hour; the prefects disseminate them; the electors adopt them. But in Prussia this dictation from a central authority is coupled with a theory about the relation of the Sovereign to his people. He is to be their true friend and father, their head and representative. To serve and love and obey him, is the first duty of a subject. As the KING has lately put it with unmistakable plainness — "It is only necessary for him to explain clearly and openly to them his real thoughts for their welfare." The KING is to be the fountain of thought as well as of honour. He condescends to be honest and to abide by the Constitution. He labours for his people's good — he tells them what he alone knows to be their true interests. There never was anything like this in France. Imperialism boasts to be the genuine expression of the wishes of the people, not something anterior to those wishes. But directly the KING has spoken in Prussia, the process of giving his words effect is exactly like that of carrying out the views of the Minister of the Interior in France. A Constitution, as understood by the more honest section of the reactionary party in Prussia, is not a means of making the people free, but is merely a compact by which the KING undertakes to confine his action within certain limits. As long as he does not exceed those limits, the nation has nothing to do with governing. Deputies there must be, but they are merely ornamental. They are persons who meet to pass the proper laws, just as the KING's coachman is the person to drive his horses. This is not in the least what is meant by constitutional government in England, but it is an intelligible, and perhaps not intolerable form of government, if a nation submits to it cheerfully. Only a nation that does so submit is no more free than Russia or modern France is free.

We have been so long accustomed to hear Prussia spoken of as the most advanced and free of German States, that it seems rather strange such a theory of government can be seriously maintained and acted on there. But it must be remembered that the great mass of German States are practically ruled in some such way. The Duke of SAXE-COBURG has related how very much it annoyed and perplexed his subjects when he tried to make them play a real part in affairs. There is, indeed, a sort of difference in different States, according as there is an Assembly with a faint vitality or not. A German Assembly is capable of being aggravated by the plunderings of a Royal mistress, if she is too rapacious and insolent, and it will kick at an interference with some of its habits and feelings on religious points. But in most German States the Sovereign is everything. He is always the good, the dear Prince. His name is seldom invoked in vain by those who have the art or the luck to get hold of the right to use it. The

Germans, too, have many inveterate habits which make it very hard for them to believe themselves free. The aristocracy holds such a position as to make the nobles insolent and the rest of the world cringing. Language has a reflex influence on thought, and it is enough to debilitate a nation to hear from the cradle the long-winded periphrases of admiration in which great people are addressed. Prussia is no better than her neighbours in this respect, and in some points her comparative greatness of position is a disadvantage to her. She has a large army and a large staff of civil officials, because she has a certain size and a certain dignity in Europe. The army tyrannizes over the nation in a manner that would make the blood of Englishmen boil. The insolence of the French soldiery towards the most despised of *pekins* never soared to such heights as are reached every day in Prussia. The newspapers are full of accounts of the brutality of officers to civilians. The stories are almost always the same. A civilian of humble rank, such as an innkeeper or a groom, offends the officer, gets in his way, or neglects his orders. The officer flies into a passion at such a worm turning upon him, draws his sword, and takes a free cut at the civilian. A feeble suspicion haunts the public mind for a day or two that, after all, this is murder. But powerful influence is exerted, the officer gets a month's imprisonment, with special directions for a strict attention to his comforts, and he comes out to be the hero of his circle. The bureaucracy also bully their neighbours as they please, and the MACDONALD case revealed how ineffectual all laws are against Government agents. The Prussians have, therefore, as a matter of fact, the habit of loyalty and of humble reverence for the great, and they have not the habits of personal liberty. It does not seem quite absurd that such a nation should be told that it is for the KING to think and decide what shall be done, and for the nation to send him an ornamental Assembly that will patiently register his decrees.

The line, also, which the King of PRUSSIA has taken will give great satisfaction in many parts of Germany. At Vienna, people seem divided between amazement at finding that Austria has, at this moment, the more liberal Government of the two, and a sense of victory in the thought that there is an end of all notion of Prussia being at the head of liberal Germany, and that there is no longer any fear of a great German free State which, under cover of its freedom, was to eat up its neighbours. In the minor States there is loud rejoicing. The King of PRUSSIA has once more made them feel safe, and has relieved them from the pressure of a policy they disliked. They now need not try to stand well with any nonsensical national party in Germany if the King of PRUSSIA does but get his way. France, too, must be delighted at this flourish of reaction in Prussia. Nothing can suit the EMPEROR better than to have liberal institutions stifled on the other side of the Rhine. It effects a double object. It wards off the contagion of liberty, and it prevents the growth of a zealous and bold national spirit which might have brought Germany together in an hour of danger. It seemed a few months ago as if Northern Germany were filled at once with shame and fear at her position. It was thought that red tape was going to be thrown to the winds, that a free Prussia would furnish a fitting head to the national party, and that a new life and vigour might thus be infused into the dead body of the Federation. This is not to be now, unless the KING is to be the learner instead of the teacher, and is to accept, and not reveal, ideas of government. Prussia is thus, to a great extent, out of the way of France, and if any attack is made on Germany there is reason for the EMPEROR to hope that the Confederation will be as divided and powerless as ever. There are so many people whom it will suit to have a reactionary Government in Prussia that, although they cannot openly in-

terfere to bring about the desired result, they can lend efficient help to any attempt to procure what they wish.

But in spite of all that promises countenance to reaction in Prussia, and the satisfaction which it would cause both at home and abroad to a powerful party, there is no doubt that, to many Prussians, this deathblow to the hopes of freedom and greatness that were felt so strongly a short time ago will be a source of intense humiliation. It is not a small thing to believe that the prize of a free and united Germany of the North was within their grasp, and then to see this prize thrown away. There is a sincere desire, on the part of a large and increasing body in Prussia, to show that they are worthy of liberty. The coming elections will be a contest between such men and the advocates of a courtly despotism. If once the Court and its new advisers gained the day, and an Assembly were returned elected as the new Chamber is ordered to be elected, the habits of submission in which Prussians have been brought up, might easily operate as a barrier against a return of more liberal aspirations. But the few who care for political liberty in Prussia are not beaten yet. The nation, if it finds active and daring leaders, will be more likely to resist the central dictation than to obey it. The KING let his wishes be tolerably well known before the last election, and yet quite the wrong sort of deputies were returned. Even towns to the authorities of which he had personally explained the duty of doing as he wished, obstinately chose to wander from the right path, and selected men against whom express warnings had been given. There is a spirit of resistance in the country which might soon die out if it once received a severe check, but which at present has force enough to be formidable. It is no disgrace to Prussia that her fortunes should be in the hands of a few lovers of freedom. In every country those who will risk much for political liberty are comparatively few, and it is the personal independence and courage of these few that determines whether the nation is to be free. Whether Prussia has enough of them, and whether they can carry the nation with them at this crisis, is more than any one can say. Their efforts, if made with energy and resolution, will be watched with great satisfaction in England. There is a freemasonry in freedom throughout the world, and the liberty of Prussia is of more consequence to us than that of most Continental nations. The approaching elections in Prussia may very possibly determine the course of European history for years to come. The triumph of reaction would not only be a waste of human happiness over which we ought in charity to mourn, but it would be a blow to our influence, and a source of dissension and hostility under which we might one day suffer.

#### THE AMERICAN WAR.

IT is not surprising that the Northern Federalists are cheerful and sanguine. Their recent successes have, with one remarkable exception, not been attended with a single reverse. After a year of expectation and of balanced fortune, the Southern armies have retreated along the whole extent of their line. Kentucky is, for the time, secured to the Union. Tennessee and Missouri are recovered. The disaffection of Maryland is cut off from the neighbourhood of armed sympathizers, and Virginia, or a large portion of its territory, may soon be evacuated by the Confederate armies. Still more encouragement may be derived from the slackness which has characterized all recent attempts at resistance. It might have been prudent for the weaker party to retire without a combat from its advanced posts, but when a stand was thought practicable and judicious it ought to have been made in earnest. The surrender of Fort Donnellson was discreditable, the conduct of the troops at Roanoke was disgraceful, and the defences of the coast of Georgia have been abandoned with unaccountable precipitation. It is strange that the retreating garrisons should have been unable to remove their stores, if the commanders had determined on concentrating their forces in some inland position; and it seems evident that the forts were evacuated in a hurry, probably under the influence of alarm. The conquest of a seaboard which had previously been closed to trade may, however, be a questionable advantage, especially as no communication has yet been opened with the interior. The confidence which inspires the Federal troops, and the discouragement of their adversaries, is worth more than many creeks and islands.

The curious naval encounter in James River, although it may perhaps in some degree revive the hopes of the Con-

federates, possesses mechanical rather than political importance. Naval war, as it has hitherto been understood, seems to be at an end, and for once the art of defence has outrun the ingenuity of engineers in contriving means of attack. The efficiency of projectiles has been more considerably increased during the last ten years than in the previous century, and yet two floating machines can batter each other within pistol-shot for hours without producing any perceptible effect. If battles in future are to resemble the duel between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, the profession of arms will lose a large portion of romance in getting rid of all its danger. It has been said, with some plausibility, that the safest of all positions is a seat in a first-class carriage in an express train on a well-conducted railway. Insurance offices might, however, almost prefer a life which was habitually secured from risk by engagement in a series of sea-fights between a couple of iron boxes. It seems that the only persons who were injured imprudently looked out to see the progress of the battle; and it would be as unreasonable to refer to the casualties of the round-house as to complain that railway travelling was dangerous, because a foolish old gentleman thought fit to run across the rails in front of the engine. The new ships appear not only to be impregnable to shot and shell, but to be exempt from the contingency of boarding. The iron hull curves up from the water-line like an inverted shell, and all but closes above over the invisible crew. It is only by a process of reasoning that the presence of more than one human being on board the *Merrimac* has thus far been ascertained. The only person who was seen was instantly cut in two by a round shot, and his fate was not calculated to inspire his comrades with a wish to follow his example. The precedent would be decisive as to the future conditions of naval warfare, if only the cannonade had taken place at sea and not in smooth water. It is not known whether either the *Merrimac* or the *Monitor* could fight her guns in a swell; but, on the other hand, ships are already built which are seaworthy as well as invulnerable.

The account of the battle is perhaps the oddest in all naval history. A Federal squadron off Newport News appears to have expected an attack; and when an object, resembling the roof of a house, was seen floating down the river, the *Cumberland* and the other vessels on the station were ready to commence the action. After an exchange of shots, the *Merrimac* ran like an ancient trireme into the side of her antagonist, and as soon as the *Cumberland* had sunk, the *Congress* prudently surrendered, the *Minnesota* ran aground, the *Roanoke* cautiously kept out of range, and after doing as much damage as possible, the *Merrimac* quietly retired to Norfolk for the night. The next day she returned, like the inevitable monster of a legend, and her prey would not have escaped her if another invulnerable ship had not opportunely arrived in the river. The two iron vessels then proceeded to pound each other for the greater part of the day, until the Confederate ship received a shot either through a gap in her armour, or, according to a probable conjecture, through a port-hole. As soon as blood was drawn, literally or metaphorically, the aggressor once more retired for the night. It is not reported that the *Monitor* attempted to follow, and it is satisfactory to reflect that the only casualty on board the Federal ship consisted of a contusion which the lieutenant in command earned by unseasonable curiosity. During the battle, the *Merrimac* incidentally sent two or three Federal gun-boats to the bottom, and occasionally she amused herself by throwing a shell into the camp on shore. The iron-cased gun-boats on the Western rivers had already done the Federalists good service, and now it is proved that armour has once more become the most indispensable provision for war.

The Confederate engineers deserve great credit for the energy and skill which they have displayed in the reconstruction of the *Merrimac*. The old Federal frigate has been cut down nearly to the water's edge, plated, roofed with invulnerable iron, and armed with the best and heaviest guns which could be procured. If the invention could have been patented and protected, the *Merrimac* might have opened the blockade of any port, and it appears that proposals were made for blocking up New York harbour in expectation of her arrival. Unluckily, the lesson of James River is open to all the world, and the Northern States have a vast superiority in materials, in money, and in mechanical skill. Some iron vessels are already on the stocks; Congress is about to provide the means for the immediate construction of others, including a very powerful steam ram; and in a race of manufacturing energy



the Confederates must necessarily be beaten. It is their true policy to rely on courage, on numbers, and above all on distances. They have been defeated by the heavy artillery which their enemies moved by water, but if they have the military qualities of which they have boasted, it will be possible to find fields of battle where the contest may be carried on on more equal terms. Their retreat is embarrassing to the enemy, and if it implies a purpose of continued resistance, it is assuredly not dishonourable. Yet it is impossible to calculate on American character in either section of the former Federation. The North bragged beyond endurance, but it has brought together an astonishing army. The South bragged in a somewhat lower key, and of late it has seemed almost helpless. The advance into Virginia may be a repetition of the French passage of the Russian frontier, if the Confederates have sufficient firmness to retreat steadily and slowly before the invader. If they have lost heart since the recent turn of fortune, the hopes of the Federalists may, after all, be to some extent gratified. A prolongation of the war is the chief danger which the Government of Washington has to dread. The finances fall every day into more hopeless confusion, and when Mr. CHASE has exhausted the proceeds of his paper money scheme, he will find it difficult to pay his way by means either of a loan or of taxes. Victories, if they follow rapidly enough, have a money value, and Fort Donelson represented a decline of one or two per cent. in the premium on gold. Nevertheless, it is impossible, in the long run, for any State to endure a great excess of expenditure over income. The National Debt itself may possibly be kept within bounds by the difficulty of contracting a loan.

#### THE EDUCATION DEBATE.

THE Education debate has illustrated the general rule, that the logical elucidation of a controversy is not the chief value of a Parliamentary debate. Spoken argument can never be so exhaustive or so close as written; and Parliamentary speakers labour under the additional disadvantage that everything they may have to say has already been said twenty times in print. The House of Commons is valuable as an index of opinion, not as a discussion forum. A debate establishes the dynamic value of every movement, and the direction towards which it is actually tending. Anonymous or unknown writers exhibit only just as much or as little of their wishes as they please. As long as a discussion is confined to them, the origin and tendencies of a movement may be difficult to trace. But the speakers in the House of Commons are compelled to base their votes on reasons consistent with their general political views. The schools to which they belong, their predilections and their aversions, are well known; and their appearance as advocates or opponents of a project classes it at once in the political category to which it genuinely belongs. The effect of the debate on the Revised Code has been to fix its parentage unmistakably. Mr. LOWE would have persuaded the country that it was the legitimate offspring of the old Code, altered only by the traces that it bore of the symmetry and wisdom of its putative father, the Commission. If he could only have dispensed with the necessity of supporters, the illusion might have been maintained. But the indiscreet nurses whom he was compelled to summon to his aid betrayed his secret. They knew and cared very little about the Commission. But they could not repress their delight, as they discovered feature after feature of the voluntarism with which Mr. LOWE was careful to disavow all connection. They none of them seem to have been able to recognise the peculiarities to which he has been so anxious to call attention. That the scheme would carry education into poor districts or new districts was a promise that possessed very little interest for them. That it would strengthen the Voluntary party, and that it would annoy the country clergy, are the two motives which appear to have divided among them, with the solitary exception of Mr. CHARLES BUXTON, all the non-official supporters of the new Code. But in truth, its friends for its own merits or demerits were very few. The support which it did obtain was principally due to the fact that its predecessor had made a considerable number of enemies. Education, and especially religious education, has always enjoyed a much larger number of supporters than well-wishers. There are still a certain number of squires who have been unable to drive the assumed kinship between education and sedition out of their heads; and there are a yet greater

number of Radicals who would far rather see no education at all than see it adulterated and vitiated by being mixed up with the inculcation of the pernicious doctrines of Christianity. They see that the religious bodies are strongly entrenched in the existing structure, and they have arrived at the conclusion that the only chance of driving them out of it is to bring it down about their ears. One kind of mine is as good for that purpose as another, so that only it be efficient. Such views, of course, could not be avowed. It was safer to inveigh against the over-education of the old Code. But it is impossible to believe that such advanced friends of the people as Mr. LEATHAM and Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE can have been really alarmed lest the people should be too well taught.

If a change—even so violent a change as the Revised Code—had been proposed as an honest amendment of the present system, it would have met with much less opposition. But the intention to treat it as one stage in a course tending to some further and unavowed goal has been very thinly disguised. Mr. LOWE has argued as a supporter of the existing system only *ex hypothesi*. He has lost no opportunity of expatiating on its defects and decrying all its supposed merits. He finds fault with the liberality of the private contributors, because they are principally drawn from the ranks of the clergy, and with the efficiency of the schoolmasters, because their influence is great enough to threaten the independence of Parliament. He admits that the new Code will not relieve the indigent districts whose want of education is the chief reproach of the old Code, but will leave them in a worse position. But this he imputes to the fundamental vice of a State machinery for aiding education. His project appears to have been devised for no other purpose but to caricature the vices of the old Code, and to give him an opportunity of saying as many spiteful things as he could against every one that was concerned in working it. The character of his allies threw a light upon this apparently aimless ill-humour. Mr. BAINES and Mr. OSBORNE, who are both Voluntaries of pure blood, were his keenest supporters. Mr. BAINES, Mr. CROSSLEY, and Mr. HADFIELD accompanied his acid eloquence with a scanty but persevering cheer, with the steady endurance that becomes the champions of a losing cause. Their courage was of little service to their hard-pressed leader. If he had come forward with an open confession of Voluntarism, his project would have been combated with zeal, but with far less irritation. The attempt to smuggle in a contraband principle under the disguise of a slight and unimportant reform is an insult to the discernment of the House of Commons, which it never fails to resent. If he had declared open war against the managers, he might have plundered them without forfeiting their respect. But an attempt quietly to withdraw State aid under the pretence of managing it better, is a species of political thimberigging which is almost sure to end in an upset of the tables, and an attempt on the part of the rustic victims to take a summary vengeance on their astute despoiler. More irritating still are the smothered grins and confidential winks of the said despoiler's friends in the background. The evident glee with which the Voluntaries were chuckling over a measure which, on the face of it, did not profess to favour in any way their own peculiar theory, added not a little to the soreness of the well-plucked managers.

The mask in which Mr. LOWE thought fit to fight caused a great deal of unnecessary anguish of mind to some very excellent theorists of another class. The old supporters of the rating system are still to be found in the House, though almost in a fossil condition. As the representatives of an extinct species, they find a place in none of the classes into which the living opinion of the House is divided. In the debate on Thursday night, Mr. ADDERLEY and Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, who represent them, were mentally rushing about in a distracted effort to find out to which side they belonged. Their inclinations at first seem to have been in favour of the Revised Code; but they espied the beard of the stern Voluntary under the official muffer, and they came to the resolution that, of two evils, WALPOLE was more tolerable than BAINES. Poor Mr. ADDERLEY was in the embarrassed plight which has been the condition of all prophets who are hampered by their political connections, since the days of BALCAN the son of BEOR. His friendship for Mr. WALPOLE induced him to rise to curse the Revised Code, but no sooner did he begin to open his mouth than he blessed it altogether. The

debate will not have been without value if it has had no other result than to parade the discredit into which the rating schemes have fallen. In other respects, Mr. LOWE's premature move will be prejudicial to the cause of true Educational Reform. Few will be inclined to risk the odium of being bracketed in men's minds with him by undertaking the construction of another Revised Code; and it will take long to allay the suspicious temper with which the managers for some time to come will regard all fresh Government proposals. But it is something to have witnessed the final obsequies of the crotchet which would have confided the education of the poor to the class from whom the parish guardians are drawn. For many years it was kept alive by the general impression that a similar system was at the root of all the virtues, moral and intellectual, by which the New Englanders were believed to surpass ourselves. That argument has lost something of its value now; and the last of the imported Yankee "notions" has been gathered to the grave of its brethren.

#### POLAND.

IF the expediency of Lord CARNARVON's motion and speech of Tuesday last may be questioned, the doubt arises, not from the alleged demerits of the Polish nation, but from the particular topics which were selected for discussion. If the positive statement of competent witnesses may be believed, the atrocities which are still practised at Warsaw are disgraceful to the Government which commits or tolerates them. When Polish gentlemen who are suspected of patriotic tendencies are subjected to insult, to violence, and to torture, it is not the time to encourage their oppressors by taunting the victims with a travestied version of the history of their ancestors. It would be easy to show that the fall of Poland was caused, not by the old anarchical Constitution, but by Russian jealousy of reforms which would have regenerated the State. The national leaders of the present day have never thought of restoring the mediæval Republic with its elective Crown. Their efforts and their wrongs at least entitle them to respect, and it is unworthy of Englishmen to sneer at brave and upright men at the very moment when they are exposed without defence to all the excesses of vindictive despotism. Lord CARNARVON was unluckily profuse in his expressions of respect for the Russian Government, and the hesitating interference which he suggested referred to questions with which the House of Lords is incompetent to deal.

Although, however, the sufferings of Poland are worthy of all sympathy, the political hopes of the nation are not at present profitable subjects of discussion. Even journalists shrink from investigating evils which are, for the time, in a chronic, if not a dormant, state. There may be much that is important going on at Warsaw, but nothing is certainly known of its progress in Western Europe. A year ago, the disturbances which were provoked by the violence of the local Government surprised many who had previously assumed that Polish nationality was extinct. It seemed not improbable that the Russians were trying the familiar experiment of rousing the ignorant masses in opposition to the wealthy and educated malcontents of the higher classes. Even foreign observers watched with anxiety for the discomfiture of a fatal alliance between despotism and the uninstructed cupidity or jealousy of the peasantry; and when the quarrel was transferred to the churches, the disadvantage of sectarian agitation was almost forgotten in consideration of the national character which the ecclesiastical opposition necessarily assumed. Some reflection or habitual elevation of thought is implied in purely patriotic feeling, but religious animosities and susceptibilities are strongest in the lowest ranks of every population. If Latin Catholicism, although it is declared to be inconsistent with Italian unity, happened to identify itself with the recovery of Polish rights, an influence employed for once on the side of right and justice was not, in the particular case, to be censured or deprecated.

At the time of the Warsaw disturbances, curiosity was farther stimulated by rumours of French agitation in all parts of Eastern Europe. The cordial alliance between France and Russia was thought to have cooled, and the Parisian newspapers suddenly displayed a suspicious enthusiasm for the cause of the oppressed and Catholic Poles. The conjecture that the Emperor NAPOLEON was one of the authors of the movement had apparently little foundation, and as the probability of his interference became even more remote,

the expectation of any immediate change in the condition of Poland naturally disappeared. It is not easy to understand why Lord CARNARVON, as he made no complaint of the outrages committed by the Russian authorities, thought it worth while to defy the prevailing indifference on the subject. If purely speculative and otiose discussions are unpalatable in the press, it is still less desirable to convert either House into a debating society. An assembly which possesses large and indefinite powers ought, when it has no right and no means of action, carefully to abstain from words. The House of Lords has recently been ill employed in criticising the internal administration of Italy, and perhaps the patronising advocacy of Liberal peers is almost as strongly resented by the Italians themselves as the irrelevant scandals of Lord NORMANBY, or the perverse antagonism of Lord MALMESBURY. It is impertinent to comment on the transactions of a comparatively weak or unsettled Government, and for different reasons it is highly unbecoming, where no moral ground of interference exists, to remonstrate with greater Powers on points in which foreign advice is certain to be regarded as an insult. It might be possible, notwithstanding Lord RUSSELL's contrary opinion, to argue that the Treaty of Vienna gave its signatories a right to demand the revival of the Polish Constitution; but after the promises of ALEXANDER I. have for more than thirty years been openly disregarded, it is useless to protest against a wrong which, as far as England is concerned, has been cured by long acquiescence. If anything was to have been done for Poland, an unexpected opportunity was provided by the Russian war; and nothing would have been easier than for France and England to have encouraged a revolt in Poland, which would, at least for the time, probably have succeeded in establishing national independence. The allied Governments determined neither to enlarge the area of the war, nor to incur the responsibility of creating a rupture between the Poles and their actual rulers. Strong reasons may be urged in vindication of the course which was adopted; but the inaction of England was equivalent to a disclaimer of all right or purpose of interference.

Lord CARNARVON himself admits that it is impossible to go beyond verbal remonstrances, and he must be fully aware that the advice which he proposes to offer would be rejected with contumely. Lord RUSSELL only utters a truism when he declares that the cause of Poland is not to be benefited by diplomatic interference; and it might, perhaps, be advisable for the FOREIGN MINISTER to set the example of the silence which he justly recommends as applicable to irrelevant foreign transactions. The House of Lords, however, always does full justice to Kings and Emperors, and perhaps no offence may be caused in Russia by the unobjectionable dialogue on the affairs of Poland. Last year the eloquent indignation of Lord ELLENBOROUGH broke through the ordinary dulness of Polish debates, which now appear to have resumed their ordinary exemption from practical importance and from indecorous vigour.

It is difficult to judge whether Lord RUSSELL is correct in his opinion that the constitutional agitation in Russia is likely to produce beneficial consequences in Poland. Perhaps it would be safer to assume that the comparative weakness of the Imperial Government is indicated by the restlessness of the nobles, and that the system established by NICHOLAS, if it gives way at any point, is more likely to break down altogether. In the old Polish provinces of Russia, beyond the limits of the Kingdom which was divided in the last century, some of the Assemblies of Nobles have demanded the restoration of their own national character, as well as the establishment of a representative constitution. If the movement is not suppressed by force, it may lead to some practical change; and it certainly is not for the interest of Poland that things should remain in their present condition. It is evident that the participation of the Poles in the liberal agitation would involve the abandonment, for the present, of efforts for separate independence; but with the weakening of the central authority, the relaxation of foreign control would follow as a necessary consequence. If intelligent peers in want of a subject for discussion wish to find a topic for their eloquence, a newer theme might be furnished by the change of the relations between Russia and the rest of Europe. From 1830 to 1854, and especially after the defeat of the Hungarians in 1849, the preponderating power and menacing attitude of the Russian Government were causes of incessant uneasiness. While India was visibly threatened, there was little thought of regenerating Poland, although thoughtful politicians regretted



the impunity of former partitions, and the consequent extension of the Russian dominions. The war of 1854, whether it was otherwise consistent or inconsistent with sound policy, proved unexpectedly successful in the attainment of the object for which it was undertaken. From the fall of Sebastopol to the present time, Russia has been incapacitated from foreign aggression, and the failure of the predatory projects of NICHOLAS appears to have turned the attention of his subjects and his successor to internal difficulties and reforms which can excite no irritation in foreign countries. The collapse of the military and financial system of the Empire will probably, in the end, benefit the Russians themselves, rather than strangers or neighbours; but in the meantime, one of the chief elements of disturbance has been in a great measure eliminated. Poland itself, which was long regarded as an advanced post extending into the heart of Germany, is now seen to be a cause of weakness from its habitual disaffection. It is idle to guess at the future fate of the Polish nation. LORD CARNARVON lays down the questionable doctrine that perfect independence would be premature, and it is more material to observe that it is for the present unattainable. As long as the Russian Government can maintain its authority, it must deal with its subjects, in merely political matters, without interference on the part of the English Parliament. But cruelty, injustice, the government of civilized men by the aid of semi-barbarous soldiers, are proper matters for consideration in any assembly, because they are the common concern of mankind. The fallen tyranny of Naples was first denounced by English indignation, and the excesses of Russian functionaries in a foreign dependency are not entitled to any greater impunity.

#### EXTREME OPINIONS IN FRANCE.

THE "extreme opinions" pointed at by the Emperor of the FRENCH in his address to the Legislative Body are doubtless those of the Ultramontanes, as well as those of the Radicals. Yet there is no doubt that the public uneasiness of which he speaks has been caused solely by the language, moderate enough to English minds, held by the small Liberal Opposition. Somehow, Frenchmen never seem to attach any serious weight to ultra-Catholic demonstrations. They are sometimes made a little angry by them, but the gulf between downright priestly ascendancy and the France of the present moment is felt at least to be too deep to be bridged over. But there is still, unhappily, a genuine fear of disorder, which occasionally wears the look of a distrust, or even a dislike, of liberty. Large classes of Frenchmen live in terror of a demonic influence which they personify as "the Revolution." They are not exactly agreed as to what constitutes it and what consequences it carries with it, but they look with the strongest suspicion on everything which seems allied to it. Hence, though they have not yet learned to express positive hatred for the press or the jury, yet any peculiarly earnest advocacy of free thought and free speech alarms them, and they seem persuaded for a while that something terrible is on the eve of happening. It is the very vagueness of the fear, the shadowy outline of the spectre, which appears to overpower the judgment. Perhaps the indefinite dread of Popery, to which interested politicians in this country have so often appealed, may serve to give an Englishman an idea of the dismay which is inspired on the Continent by the name of Revolution. In both cases, the feeling arises from the sense of great suffering undergone in former times from a power which the obnoxious word indicates. Yet no Englishman can quite bring home to himself the influence on the mind of an indefinite apprehension of wild anarchy. We can measure the consequences of every scheme of policy which has an appreciable chance of success in our time. Mr. BRIGHT, though he should avow opinions or utter threats fifty times as unpopular as any to which he has committed himself, could never frighten English respectability half as much by his advent to power as French respectability is frightened by the mere shadow of Revolution in the distance.

The true point of interest for the friends of European liberty is, what sort of change has taken place during the last ten years in the complexion of the opinions which are entitled to be called "extreme." Are there any Red Republicans now? If there are, are they likely to be numerous and powerful if nations were again allowed to choose their own form of government? It need not be denied that the return to power of the men of 1848, untaught and unaltered, would be a great misfortune. But that even a revolutionary catastrophe would simply bring back the

chaos of 1848, is in the highest degree improbable. The actual performers in those scenes have been unfitted for repeating their parts by ten years of exile and obscurity. As for younger men, the capacity for learning by experience must have died out of the world if they have not been affected by the course of events since the re-establishment of despotism. In point of fact, wherever the younger generation of Continental politicians has had the opportunity of declaring itself, it has not proved the least like the men of the last Revolution. There was no wilder confusion than that which prevailed at Vienna during 1848; but the present politicians of the Austrian Empire, so far from exhibiting any likeness to the mob leaders of eleven years since, are, if anything, open to the reproach of coldness and apathy. Again, in the general election which produced the Prussian Chamber just dissolved, all sections of the Liberal party came forward to vote; but the Legislature which they returned, though unable to come to terms with the Royal martinet on the throne, did not bear the most distant resemblance to the undignified and impracticable assemblies which sat in Berlin for a few months of the great year of Revolution. Italy, however, is the great witness to the decline of violent opinions. Nothing frightens the French middle class out of its wits so completely as the affection expressed from time to time by the Italians for GARIBALDI. Yet what is there so remarkable in the position of GARIBALDI as his political powerlessness? A people which for centuries has lain under the galling imputation of effeminacy naturally almost worships the man who is at once an Italian and a hero; but, though there is scarcely one Italian constituency which would not return GARIBALDI, the voters will have little or nothing to say to his nominees. Even in the Southern part of the Italian Kingdom, where a cruel tyranny has done its worst to demoralize the people, and where the severe suffering caused by Royalist disturbances has the effect of tempting the well-affected into extreme forms of Liberalism, the friends of the national hero can barely hold their own against candidates who would be thought moderate men even in a country of organized freedom like our own.

The habit of concentrating an exclusive attention on the phenomena of their own country, which its importance in the European system renders pardonable in Frenchmen, is apt to conceal from them some of the most valuable and encouraging lessons supplied by the events of our day. If the higher minds in France are raised high enough to look abroad, even they are too much accustomed to fix their gaze on a single foreign community. The favourite study of French Liberals is England; but, full of instruction as is the spectacle of English freedom, it may be a question whether there are not countries which a Frenchman might scrutinize at present with more immediately profitable result. A more careful examination of the political state of those communities which have not shared in that exemption from violent disturbance which has been the lot of England, would certainly dissipate the belief of so many Frenchmen that the Radicals of 1848 have learned as little by their misfortunes as did the BOURBONS. The reason why M. FAVRE's speeches or M. PICARD's produce more repugnance than any other emotion is the common impression that their moderation is assumed, and that the last Revolution gives the measure of their true designs. But men of the exact stamp of M. FAVRE and M. PICARD have recently risen to power or influence at Vienna, at Pesth, at Berlin, and at Turin, without struggling for a single franchise beyond those which the French Liberal Opposition has been demanding in the late debates. It cannot reasonably be believed that, if the nation resumed its sovereignty in France, the chances of orderly government would be smaller than in other Continental countries. Authority is stronger there than elsewhere. Freedom of speech and of opinion, grievously as it has been trammelled, has not been quite crushed. Above all, anarchical theories have never been so thoroughly exposed as in a country which has seen, from an experiment on the largest scale, that the political arrangements which had once been associated exclusively with republics can be accommodated, with the greatest ease, to a stringent despotism.

It is scarcely to be expected that the four or five Liberals who sit in the Chamber will disavow the Republican leaders whom they once followed. M. JULES FAVRE was M. LEDRU-ROLLIN's Under-Secretary, and doubtless will never openly condemn the Minister but for whom there might even now be a Republic in France. But still their chance of influencing French opinion depends on their effecting, by tem-

perance of language, a tacit separation between themselves and their predecessors. They cannot fail to have learned that their very moderate complaints of the imperfections of the present system caused something like a panic when it was supposed that they had obtained the ear of the Chamber. It is quite clear that they carry the bulk of their countrymen with them in their sympathy with Italy, but it is equally plain that 1848 must be less remembered than it is before any considerable number of Frenchmen will be heartily with them in the other opinions they have expressed.

#### ITALY.

THE circular in which the new Prime Minister of Italy professes to explain his policy may mean anything, everything, or nothing. It was necessary for the satisfaction of his countrymen that he should announce eventual projects as to Rome and Venice, and no reasonable politician can blame him for not propounding a definite plan. With Austria the Italian Kingdom is in a condition of chronic hostility, and if a war were safe and convenient, just grounds of quarrel might be found in the menace which is again and again repeated against an Austrian province. There can be no doubt that the Court of Vienna would take the initiative in the contest, but for the certainty that an invasion of Lombardy would at once bring France into the field. It is not worth the while of an Italian Minister to measure his words in consideration to an irreconcilable enemy; and the comparative moderation of RATTAZZI's official language is perhaps intended for the satisfaction of a peaceful ally, as England, for good reasons, deprecates the beginning of a war which might ultimately involve the whole of Europe. It might be still more necessary to consult the inclinations of the French Government, if the Emperor NAPOLEON had anything to learn from the formal documents which may be issued at Turin. It is certain that if the recent circular has any especial purpose, its terms, or its substance, must have been concerted with the French Ambassador, or with some more confidential agent of the Tuileries. It is at present thought desirable so far to reverse the policy of RICASOLI as to give Venice on all occasions precedence over Rome; yet no Italian statesman would, in the absence of foreign pressure, prefer an aspiration which can only be realized at the cost of a formidable war to the peaceable acquisition of the national capital. The POPE is in the centre of Italy, while the Emperor of AUSTRIA is in the far north-east, and the headquarters of Neapolitan brigandage are not at Venice, but at Rome. Even the Neapolitans, who perhaps care little for the unity of the peninsula, are as anxious as the Tuscans or the Piedmontese for the abolition of the Temporal Power. The legitimate wishes of Italy might be gratified by the stroke of a pen, if it were thought convenient to withdraw the foreign garrison from Rome; but, unfortunately, the Emperor of the FRENCH has bishops and Ultramontanists among his subjects, while he has no domestic inconvenience to fear from Austria. His docile Chambers have shown some independent prejudice in favour of the Holy See, and all the opposing parties, whether orthodox or liberal, find it convenient to adopt the cant of the priestly reactionists. Under present circumstances, even a renewal of the war of 1859 might be less troublesome than a decisive breach with the Holy See.

The colourless language of the Italian Minister might, in itself, be thought to indicate irresolution or a desire to postpone any active measures. Strangely enough, it is found that the most uncompromising of patriots is in league with a professedly moderate Cabinet. Only a week or two ago, GARIBALDI was presiding over a democratic Union, and he undertook to represent at Turin the alleged popular demand for the recall of MAZZINI. RATTAZZI denounced the turbulence of the clubs in the Chamber, but his interviews with their leader appear to have related neither to MAZZINI nor to universal suffrage. Fresh from the Imperial councils, the Minister takes into his confidence the Italian who, more than all others, abhors French domination, and his Cabinet has determined to gratify the great volunteer leader by the amalgamation of the Southern troops with the regular Italian army. It may be collected from GARIBALDI's address at Milan that he is in the highest degree satisfied with the Court and the Government, and his language, always energetic, has become unusually warlike. He has even gone so far as to announce that the alliance of France is of all others the most necessary to Italy. The secrets which he heard at Turin certainly included no proposal for the cession of Sardinia, and it is difficult to conjecture any communi-

cation which would have secured his zealous support, except the announcement that Austria was shortly to be attacked. RATTAZZI may wish to show that his policy varies from that of his predecessor, and that, although it may involve foreign dependence, it is even more strikingly vigorous. RICASOLI steadily fixed his eye upon Rome, partly perhaps in the hope of procuring the departure of the French, and mainly because it was better to occupy his countrymen with the less dangerous of two contemplated enterprises. It is not improbable that RATTAZZI may be sincere in thinking that, as the French occupy the centre of Italy, some compensation may be obtained if they can be persuaded to assist in the expulsion of more obnoxious foreigners.

The Hungarian exiles have simultaneously published a political manifesto, which must be intended to promote a belief in their purpose of immediate action. General TURR, who takes a part in the conference, is the most trusted lieutenant of GARIBALDI, and it cannot be doubted that the Hungarian and Italian agitations are closely connected. In itself, the scheme which is proposed is neither new nor interesting. The HAPSBURG family is to be dethroned, the surrounding provinces are to be associated to Hungary by alliances, and the question between a kingdom and a republic is prudently left open. The terms on which the lion's skin is to be sold are comparatively unimportant before the hunt has begun. Half-a-dozen brave and skilful generals, who have yet an army to create or discover, would excite little alarm at Vienna, if it were not thought possible to connect them indirectly with the most dreaded enemy of the nation. GARIBALDI, who may be supposed to influence TURR, has been holding conferences with RATTAZZI, and the Minister himself owes his position to the support of the Emperor NAPOLEON.

It is by no means impossible that all the symptoms of impending war are deceptive; nor would the belief of GARIBALDI himself sufficiently prove that he was justified in attributing the design of a rupture to France. The last instalment of so-called glory ought, for the present, to have satiated the French army, and the finances require the continuance of peace and the restoration of security. On the other hand, the EMPEROR may wish to divert the minds of his subjects from domestic politics, and to postpone a decision on the Roman question. Whatever may be his own purpose, he may possibly find himself dragged into a struggle by the impatience of his Italian and Hungarian confederates. Enthusiasts and exiles care little for statesmanlike hesitations, and it may be plausibly calculated that, if the contest has once commenced, France must necessarily take a part in the destruction of Austria. The Italians have the advantage of a basis of operations which is virtually guaranteed against a hostile invasion. If Hungary were once in arms, the conquest of Venice might not be impossible, and it is easy, by skilful provocations, to force the enemy to begin. On the whole, it seems probable that the EMPEROR of the FRENCH wishes for the moment to preserve peace; but his name will perhaps be used to precipitate a conflict, when RATTAZZI had only intended to make his Ministry popular by a display of patriotic energy. If a war commences, the sympathies of England will probably be still on the side of Italian unity; but an attack upon Austria will scarcely be as popular as in 1859, and, if France takes the opportunity of plundering Germany, nearer interests will overbalance the inclination of Englishmen to make every allowance for Italian patriotism. On the other hand, it is probable that, with the continuance of peace, the question of Italy may cease for a time to excite general interest. Irredeemable promissory notes, based on the contingent possession of Venice and Rome, will not long pass current even among the most sanguine friends of Italy.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND THE VOLUNTEERS.

THE resolution of the peers and members of Parliament who met on Tuesday last in a committee-room of the House of Commons to consider the existing wants of the Volunteer service, will be generally approved both by the Volunteers themselves and by all judicious supporters of the movement. The appointment of a Royal Commission "to inquire into the present condition and prospects of the Volunteer force, and to suggest what measures, if any, may be required to give it permanence," is perhaps, at this moment, the most useful form that can be given to the demand for more effectual recognition and assistance from the State. Not that there is any such mystery about



either branch of the proposed investigation as to need the apparatus of a special Commission of inquiry to clear it up. All the requisite information on the subject is sufficiently accessible, and it is not probable that the most elaborate research will elicit any material fact or suggestion which is not already available for official use. A Royal Commission will, however, have its value as an emphatic acknowledgment of the national importance of the Volunteer force, as furnishing a convenient and authentic summary of a very remarkable chapter of contemporary history, and as stamping with authority recommendations which have at present nothing but their intrinsic reasonableness to support them. In official eyes, the proposal will doubtless possess the more questionable merit of serving as a decent excuse for declining the trouble and responsibility of immediate action. With a Royal Commission sitting on the whole subject of the Volunteer army, Sir G. C. LEWIS will have a ready answer to any inconvenient appeal for additional Government aid, as it would of course be indecorous to anticipate the results of a pending investigation by premature demands on Parliamentary liberality. Nevertheless, the supporters of the movement have judged wisely in determining to lay a solid foundation on which they may hereafter build claims which would just now be urged with little prospect of success. It is more important that the demands of the Volunteer service should be placed properly before Parliament and the country than that any particular concessions, however legitimate, should be wrung by importunity from a reluctant House of Commons; and the time will not be lost which is spent in putting the relations of the Volunteers to the State, once for all, on a clear and definite footing.

As regards the first part of the proposed inquiry, a Royal Commission can do little more than register facts of general notoriety. On "the present condition of the Volunteer force" there is not much more to be said than that spontaneous zeal and patriotism have placed at the disposal of the State, for purposes of national defence, an army of upwards of 150,000 men, a considerable proportion of whom have been officially certified as competent to act with regular troops, while nearly all of them have mastered more than the rudiments of drill. The whole of this force is clothed and equipped at the expense of its individual members; and the collective funds of the several corps, which are also furnished by voluntary contributions, are charged with the cost of rifle-ranges, butts, targets, and armouries — to say nothing of bands and a host of inevitable *etcetera*. Should the Royal Commissioners have a turn for arithmetic, they may think it not uninteresting to record that — taking the very moderate estimate of 10*l.* or 12*l.* as every man's average outlay during the first year or eighteen months alone — the existing Volunteer force represents nearer two than one million sterling of self-taxation, not only borne without a murmur, but eagerly sought and accepted as a privilege. So much for the present condition of the service. It is less easy to speak definitely of its future prospects, as these must largely depend on the estimate which the Government may form of the value of the force which the public spirit of the country has created. Thus far, there are no signs of flagging energy on the part of the Volunteers themselves; but there are signs of inability to sustain a continued expenditure which was perhaps in some instances inconsiderately incurred, and which, it is naturally and reasonably felt, ought not to be thrown on men who freely give themselves to the public service. We have no means of judging to what extent this cause is actually operating to thin the ranks of the force, but it may be justly apprehended that the difficulty which is already felt in meeting a constantly recurring outlay will increase rather than diminish with lapse of time. The liberality of officers, which in almost every corps is heavily overtaxed, is not a source which can be fairly or safely counted on. The contributions of honorary or non-effective members have in very few instances come up to the expectations which were originally formed; and balls, bazars, and amateur theatricals are neither creditable nor reliable expedients for keeping up a national institution. Under these circumstances, it may well be feared that — especially when uniforms come to need renewal — many a volunteer will be compelled to ask himself, during the next year or two, whether he can prudently afford an expenditure which amounts to an appreciable addition to his income-tax. On the whole, there is too much ground for the belief that if the Volunteer service is to be maintained at the almost exclusive cost of its members, it must become,

at no distant date, the mere pastime of the wealthy and idle classes.

The measures required to ensure the permanence of the force will, no doubt, be differently stated in detail by different authorities, but there is little room for serious controversy as to the principle on which they should be based. The Volunteer ought, as far as possible, to be relieved from all except the purely personal expenses which are necessarily incident to his self-imposed duties. If he finds his uniform, and gives his time and strength freely to the service of his country, he may reasonably expect that no further demands should be made on his purse. He certainly ought not to have to pay for learning the use of the weapon which the State puts into his hands. The principle is already partially recognised by the Government, and all the most urgent needs of the force would be met if it were consistently carried out. But the payment of adjutants and (to a limited extent) of drill-serjeants, with the annual donation of a certain number of rounds of ammunition per head, can only be regarded as a most inadequate instalment of a claim which justice and policy alike enforce. Not to speak of smaller matters, the heavy outlay on rifle ranges and their accessories clearly ought not to be borne by men who are spending their strength in learning to defend their country gratis, and whose skill in the use of their arms is unquestionably an affair of public interest. The indispensable establishment charges of each corps constitute another considerable item of outlay which cannot equitably be thrown on the individual Volunteer. But it is unnecessary to enumerate all the possible applications of a principle which seems self-evident. It may, we think, be safely assumed as a fundamental postulate, that Volunteers ought not to be left to pay out of their own pockets the cost of their own military training.

There is not the least danger that the so-called "independence" of the force will suffer from any amount of Government assistance that may be given in accordance with this obvious principle. After the State has done everything that can be reasonably asked for, the Volunteer will find quite enough, in the ever-recurring demands on his personal zeal and self-denial, to remind him that he is no hireling, but the free and willing servant of his country. Let us add that the same spirit of manly self-respect and ungrudging self-sacrifice which has hitherto marked our Volunteers, and which has enabled them to bear without a murmur burdens which ought not to have been cast on them, will, we trust, induce them to accept cheerfully even an imperfect attempt at meeting claims which are urged for no selfish object. Should official parsimony and Parliamentary apathy persist in rejecting demands which they feel to be moderate and reasonable, we hope they will not the less steadily continue to merit the assistance which the most niggardly of Legislatures cannot always withhold. After all, it is better that the Government should give them too little than too much, and that its liberality should lag behind, rather than anticipate, the public feeling and opinion of the country. It is well that what is done in this matter should be done deliberately and after the fullest consideration, as we may then be sure that it will not hereafter be undone.

#### THE BATTLE OF NEWPORT NEWS.

NOT more than a year ago, the *Times* dwelt with much emphasis on the fact that the Americans had steadily refused to avail themselves of the new-fangled device of iron-plated ships. That a people so adventurous and skilful in mechanical appliances should have pronounced the new invention a chimera, was supposed to be a serious ground for doubting the wisdom of the course which France had initiated and England sluggishly followed. No one could then have imagined that the first real test of armour-plated ships in actual warfare would be furnished by America. It is only within a few weeks that either of the belligerents has had a plated ship ready for sea; and, as if to supply the crucial experiment which was wanting to build up the confidence of our naval architects, the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* have exhibited their powers of attack and defence, and proved that even imperfect specimens (as they probably are) of their class are quite capable of sweeping from the ocean whole fleets of the old wooden liners.

So far as mere experimental trials could suffice to do so, the qualities of our *Warrior* have been fully tested. Facsimiles of her plates have been battered at short ranges by 100-pounder guns, and the ship herself has proved her speed and her sea-worthiness under the most trying circum-

stances. Still, Shoeburyness and the Bay of Biscay failed to bring conviction home to the minds of many who would be satisfied with nothing less than an actual engagement, such as the last American accounts report for our instruction. One important power of destruction possessed by these vessels—that of running down an enemy's ship—has been falling so much into discredit that, in several of our more recent ships, the beak has been abandoned. There was, it is true, nothing but theory on either side; but while the advocates of the new, or rather the revived, mode of warfare proved to demonstration that nothing made of wood could possibly resist the shock of an iron vessel of several thousand tons weight, the cautious doubters, who have had more influence with the Admiralty, insisted that the attacking ship would suffer as severely as her opponent, that masts would go by the board, engines would be torn to pieces, and screws would be disabled, by the collision which might send an enemy to the bottom of the sea.

The battle of Newport News has done much to clear up these doubts. The trial was not one very favourable to the system of armour-plating. The *Merrimac* was a wooden frigate, not built to carry the load of iron under which she now has to stagger. She is said to be sunk so deep in the water that the experiment of casing her was at first thought to be a failure, and it is pretty certain that she would fare but ill in a storm on the Atlantic. With all these disadvantages, she has proved herself capable, in smooth water, of destroying an adversary with terrible facility. The story of her engagement with the *Cumberland*, a powerful frigate armed with 100-pounder guns, is simple enough. She steamed up, received the fire of the enemy with perfect indifference, fired a couple of shots, and then dashed into the frigate's side and left an opening on the water-line of seven feet in diameter. So little does she seem to have suffered from the shock that a second blow of the beak was administered without delay, and the *Cumberland* straightway began to fill and in a short time sank. Having crushed one adversary, the *Merrimac*, apparently uninjured, gave battle to another, which had no choice but to surrender, and from all that can be gathered of the details of the affair, there is no reason to doubt that the iron monster could have destroyed a score of wooden frigates, had such a fleet been there to oppose her.

New York was, naturally enough, in the utmost excitement and alarm at the first report of the disaster; and so completely was the balance of naval power supposed to be turned by a single ship against the overwhelming preponderance of the Northern navy, that the ignominious and ruinous project of destroying the harbour of New York was urgently pressed upon the authorities. If the *Merrimac* were capable of an Atlantic voyage, there was really nothing extravagant in the supposition that she might annihilate the whole blockading squadron in detail, and finish her exploits by steaming past the batteries of Sandy Hook and shelling New York at her leisure. The opportune arrival of the *Monitor*, however, gave the first check to the Southern triumph. The two champion ships seemed practically to represent in themselves the rival navies, and for the moment, if not for ever, a single iron ship counted for more in the salvation of the Federalists than all the fleets with which they have swarmed round the coasts of the South. Whatever the precise result of the single combat was, the meeting of the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* has conclusively established the overwhelming importance of iron-plated vessels. The *Monitor* carried guns far heavier than any that are known in the British navy. But the shots of 200 pound weight which she hurled against the sloping iron roof of the Confederate frigate, sometimes at long ranges, and sometimes at close quarters, for hour after hour, produced no perceptible effect; and when at last the *Merrimac* drew off, it was for the time even doubted whether she had really suffered injury, or whether she was merely trying a ruse to circumvent her impregnable opponent. As for the *Monitor*, she came absolutely scatheless out of the tremendous cannonade of the *Merrimac*. Not a plate was damaged, and not a man was hurt, with the exception of the commander, who received a wound as the penalty of his want of caution in not keeping his head safely behind the iron bulwarks.

In attack and in defence, these two ships, inferior as they are to the examples of the same class which we already possess, have almost surpassed the expectations of the most confident advocates of iron. The armour-plating principle has finally passed out of the experimental stage; and, now that the supposed cause for hesitation is removed, there is no longer any justification for delay on the part of our Admi-

ralty in completing such a fleet of iron-cased ships as shall secure to this country the naval supremacy which is the condition of her power and existence. As yet our progress has been less rapid than that of France, and after the decisive trial of the American ships we may be sure that not only the Federal and Confederate States, but every European country which pretends to be a naval Power, will henceforth concentrate all attention upon the class of vessels which will soon make wooden steam ships as obsolete as sailing frigates have now become. The combined strength of all these navies is the measure of the defence with which England must be prepared, and something far beyond the energy which has yet been shown will be needed to keep the position which belongs to this country. The iron fleet of France alone includes, besides the *Magenta* and *Solferino*, four frigates carrying from 30 to 40 guns, and a corvette, all of which might be ready for sea within three months. Besides these, there are on the stocks eleven heavy frigates, six corvettes, a ship specially destined for running-down purposes, and sixty plated gun-boats. We have probably the best model of all the armour-plated ships as yet afloat, but the *Warrior* can only be in one place at a time, and in numbers our iron fleet is far below that which France alone has in various stages of preparation. England has the means of building vessels of this description much more rapidly than all the rest of the world combined, and has the strongest motives for outstripping all competitors. There need be no fear now that money so spent will be thrown away, and it will in all probability be found that iron ships, costly as they are, will surpass the old models as much in ultimate economy as in power. Whether this be so or not, they are now ascertained to be irresistible, and we shall soon learn to leave out all other ships from the accounts of the strength of the navy. The second reconstruction of the fleet within a few years has ceased to be a matter of speculation, and has become an absolute necessity. It will be the cheapest and safest course to recognise the fact at once and to use with promptitude the only means by which the power of England can be maintained.

In some respects, the success of the American ships is almost greater than we could have desired. An impregnable dockyard seems really to have become an impossibility; for a ship which can bear a close cannonade from the heaviest guns for four or five hours can certainly go anywhere where there is water to float her, in spite even of such forts and batteries as are in course of construction for the defence of Portsmouth and Chatham. For the first time, the art of naval attack seems to have established its superiority over the strongest land defences which can be raised; and until some new plan shall be devised for restoring the balance, the only possible precaution is to secure a timely preponderance in the arm which threatens to sweep all resistance before it.

#### FASHIONS.

THE Fashion of this world, we are told, passeth away. Times change, empires fall, dresses are altered. The first beginning of all reflective philosophy is to dwell on the mutability and the worthlessness of earthly things. In our day, the reflection has become hackneyed. We have played and sported with the thought that England may some day be a waste and London in ruins, till change no longer seems something solemn and imposing. It is only in a general way that we accept as a truth that the things that are will not be. Partly this is because, if we take the mutability of things in its widest sense, it seems not to concern us much. If the universe is perishable, that is only interesting as a philosophic truth or a philosophic guess. We could scarcely, in our most hopeful mood, expect to survive the general frame of things. But there is also another reason why we do not feel as much impressed with change as might be looked for. We cannot tell exactly what things are likely to change, or when, or how. Many things that are supposed likely to last soon fade off, and others that appear the creatures of the hour last on and on. Some of those who have worked hardest and longest for fame, and were thought likely to secure it, are now forgotten or passing rapidly out of memory, while a happy chance has given others a place in the honour of posterity, although they were held by their contemporaries to have done very little to deserve it. Southey, who lived the life of a laborious hermit among the books that were to be the basis of his fame, is an almost unknown author to modern England, while Goldsmith is still a favourite. There are many little things as to which we cannot be sure that what seems the fashion of an hour will soon die off. We cannot always console ourselves with thinking that every bore has its day. A fashion we may be inclined to dislike or despise may appeal strongly to some set of feelings or interests, and may be preserved long after it has been thought doomed. There are many matters as to which it is not at



all safe to guess that the change that looks so obvious and near is likely to show itself soon.

Take, for instance, crinoline. If ever a fashion ought to have died out under laughter and mockery of all sorts, it is the custom of making dresses stick out by artificial means. *Punch* has lived on it in the dull season for years. The shops are full of prints portraying all the difficulties in which the wearers of crinoline and hoops are placed. It is wonderful what class of persons find the prints worth purchasing; but as they are produced in abundance somebody must buy them. Probably it is the same set of people who buy tobacco jars shaped like a lady, and so contrived that the lady lifts up, and her petticoats are found to be full of birds'-eye. Then there have been plenty of excellent moral reasons urged against crinoline. It makes dress very expensive, and it puffs up the female mind with unnecessary vanity. Moralists always hope that the female mind will cease to be vain if the right thing is done or left undone. The fashion has also been subjected to the severest of all trials—that of being vulgarised. There is a story of a Spanish Minister who wished to stop the practice of wearing large slouched hats in Madrid. He thought that a smaller and more open article would be more convenient to the police. An edict was issued that the slouched hats should be discontinued. Madrid was in arms, and the attachment to these shady coverings was declared to be unalterable. The cunning Minister was not to be beaten. He ordered the hangmen and other villainous officials to walk up and down the principal streets, wearing the largest and most conspicuous of all possible slouched hats. This was successful, and rather than dress as hangmen dressed, decent people wore a different sort of hat. Much the same experiment has been tried in England with crinoline. It has been displayed in the most conspicuous proportions, and the most glaring manner, by those women who are to virtuous females what hangmen are to respectable grocers and butchers. But in England the effect has been very different from what happened at Madrid. This appropriation of crinoline has rather increased than diminished the fury of the fashion. Hypocrisy, a vice that has almost died out, was said by Rochefoucauld to be the tribute that vice pays to virtue. Imitation is now the tribute that virtue pays to vice. But crinoline has also stood a more rigorous test, for it has descended to the kitchen, and mistresses look with a jealous eye on the mimicry of their maids. It certainly is a wonderful sight to see a slatternly girl strip herself in order to do a door-step, and then resume her iron cage when the hour that may bring the butcher-boy has arrived. Why is it that crinoline has survived all these dangers, and that, although its proportions are not quite so outrageous, it is still the fashion, and likely to keep so? Simply because—if, at least, we speak of crinoline proper, and not of the cage and hoop abominations—it is really becoming. The female form is much more graceful when it does not appear to go sheer down, like Mrs. Noah in a cheap Ark. Crinoline is vexatious and expensive, and occasionally absurd; but it does effect something that is wanted. Of course, the fashion will be altered in a hundred ways, and the mechanical ingenuity of the human mind will hit on a vast series of improvements in the apparatus. But to the end of time women must either dress sheer down or stick out. The degree of projection is a matter of detail, but in principle they must do one or the other. There is no more reason why, having once learnt to stick out, they should return to dressing sheer down, than why we should all return to our ancestors' practice of painting the body with woad.

Photography, again, is a fashion that perhaps may last longer than all the nuisances it entails might lead one to expect. It certainly brings nuisances with it that may make the most patient man wish the sun had never been put to this horrible purpose. Sitting to a photographer is not quite so bad as going to a dentist, but it is something near it. In the first place, the leading photographers make appointments or grant a sitting as if they were high Government officials giving away clerks' places to troublesome but deserving people. Then the photographer himself is a trial. Probably he finds his sitters bores, and he would make a much less lucrative thing of it if he allowed the sitter and the sitter's friends to interfere. Still it is a nuisance for a lady to be carried off from her husband or other male person in charge, and be treated by a smirking fifth-rate artist for half an hour as something between a convict and a baby. In the case, more especially, of young girls, we must add that this system of separate sittings is something much worse than a nuisance, and ought to be resolutely put down. Then the eminent photographer who thinks himself sure of his business is the most audacious of men. There is nothing he will not say to put down criticism and inquiry. A lady went lately to be taken with a little girl. The money was paid, and in about a week or ten days the thing was pronounced to be ready. The lady was all very well, and so was the upper part of the little girl's figure, but below the petticoat she shaded off into two faint wavy columns like the reflection of trees in water. Remonstrance was made, and the eminent photographer had the assurance to say that artists had now given up putting in legs. Then a quiet, unoffending man is sometimes overwhelmed with what seems to him the joke and mockery of the attitude in which, under the eminent photographer's directions, he is offered to his friends. A gentleman of a solid, humdrum appearance, with only that sort of romance about him which women cannot detect, was recently persuaded to sit. He sat, and the eminent photographer did his best. But it was a failure, and two or three more sittings came off in vain. At last the eminent photographer expressed himself much pleased. By the judicious introduction of a background, and a few objects

being placed so as to break the stiffness, success had been achieved; and this is what the photograph presented. The unfortunate man was standing with his back to the Lago di Garda. He was placed on the top of a grand marble staircase, near a splendid balustrade. In one hand he held a very new borrowed silk umbrella, and he was supported on the other side by a friend's hat. It is bad enough to be depicted in this way, but the mere being depicted is a very small portion of the whole business. After the photographs are sent home comes the worry for them. There is some sort of pleasure in giving them to very near relatives and very dear friends. We all like to fancy that there are a chosen few who really care to have a likeness of us, although it does represent us bareheaded, and surveying a new hat on the banks of an Italian lake. But the demand for photographs is not limited to relations or friends. It is scarcely limited to acquaintances. Any one who has ever seen you, or has seen any body that has seen you, or knows any one that says he has seen a person who thought he has seen you, considers himself entitled to ask you for your photograph, and to make you pay eighteen-pence in order to comply with the demand. There is no compliment in it. The claimant does not care about you or your likeness in the least. But he or she has got a photograph book, and, as it must be filled, you are invited to act as padding to that volume, and to fill a vacant space between Prince Max of Hesse Darmstadt and the amiable owner's third brother, as he appears in the comic costume of a navvie. It is not even grown-up people only who ask in this preposterous way for photographs. Children and babies have got their photograph books, and say that really they must have your likeness. They protest they will not know what to do with their miserable young lives unless you consent to pay the eighteenpence for them and figure in their collection. This is terrible. People who are not accustomed to them do not generally much care for infants in arms, but those precious darlings will rise in estimation now. They may have an awkward habit of bending suddenly in the back, as if they were made of soft leather, but at any rate they cannot possibly ask for your photograph.

We do not for a moment dream that the fashion of photograph collecting will die out. In the first place, the gain of having cheap portraits of friends is so great that there is a solid advantage in photographs which would counterbalance a great many nuisances of a very serious sort. And then the collections when made are very useful. They supply a fund of talk to people who have nothing to say. Every one can find something to remark about a collection of photographs. Either they do not know the people represented in it, or they do know them, or they wonder whether they know them. Then, if they know them, they can say they are like or unlike; or they can pay adroit compliments and make acceptable remarks on the photographs most cherished by the collector; or they can gratify a little quiet malice, and say that they never could have believed so very unfavourable a likeness is a true one, and yet every one knows the sun must be right. It is this fund of easy small-talk which will be the real foundation of the permanent success of photography as a fashion. It might easily have happened that photograph books would have shared the fate of albums. Thirty years ago, young ladies used to keep albums, and people used to be decoyed or frightened into writing in them. Authors of all sizes and degrees of reputation were entreated to add their mite. Charles Lamb's letters, for example, are full of references to the albums he had been writing in. But the weak point of albums was that, where they were not occupied by magnificent water-colour representations of perfectly round roses in the fullest bloom, they were too intellectual. People in an ordinary drawing-room think there is a sort of plot to find them out if any demand is made on their intellect; and to write verses, or even to copy correctly a piece of poetry out of a standard author, is dangerous and embarrassing. It is true that writers in albums were occasionally allowed to get off by writing out in their best hand one of the very poorest and best-known riddles they could recollect, such as "Why is Athens like the wick of a candle?" but even this is precarious, for the answer has to be remembered and understood. In photographs all is plain sailing. All that has to be done is to make gossiping remarks about other people, and this is a duty to which the most timid intellects feel competent.

Photographs are, then, a fashion; but it is possible they may be what, considering the mutability of human things, deserves to be called a permanent fashion, because they tend to supply a want that will always be felt. It is the same with ladies' novels and other records of the inner life and language of young women. This species of composition is a fashion of the day. Half a century ago the dear creatures either had no self-inquiring, dreamy life-shadings, or else they kept them locked up. Now printers can hardly print fast enough to keep pace with all the outpourings of lady novelists. The supply is like that of an Artesian well—it is perennial and ever-flowing. We venture to say that if any one offered a small prize for a tale of woman's feelings, there would be at least five thousand competitors. It is a fashion that we do not take much interest in; but we admit that it gives something that was wanted. Most women have a latent gush in them; and if the gush does not flow out in marriage, it gladly finds a vent in print. As long as there are single women with unrequited feelings, or married women who can make this sort of production pay, and as long as printing is cheap, so long will the lady's novel last. Perhaps it will improve, but anyhow it will go on. There are other fashions, as to which it is more difficult to guess whether they will last or not. Morning calls, for example, seemed a deep-rooted habit of English society,

and yet they are almost a thing of the past. Will sermons go too? We do not mean the discourses of a Christian minister who has something to say, and says it as and when he thinks it ought to be said. Such discourses will, we are sure, go on till the tongue of man ceases to be heard on earth. But will the ordinary half-hour cut and dry discourse, in which neither the preacher nor the congregation pretend to take the slightest interest, go on in England? Very likely it may: for it serves some objects, though not very high ones. And if it is objected that we cannot believe our posterity will always stand what does not please or profit them, the answer is, that we stand the sermon, and we stand being submerged under confluent waves of crinoline at dinner, and we stand audacious children squeezing out our photographs from us. And if we can stand all this, why should not others? There must be some burdens that are always borne, and some fashions that do not pass away.

#### ITALIAN UNITY OR CONFEDERATION.

WE had thought that the once famous Imperial scheme of an Italian Confederation had gone to the same limbo as the Donation of Constantine and the perpetual union of the Crowns of England and France. All Italy is united under her own King, except those portions of her natural territory which the brute force of strangers keeps unnaturally apart from the rest. Italy may doubtless have, like other nations, her internal questions and dissensions, her special difficulties and her special dangers, but that there is such a thing as an "Italian question" in any European sense is simply owing to the hypocritical policy of one man. One is more sick than usual of the ridiculous jargon of "questions" and "solutions," when one knows that there is no question, no complication, no difficulty of any kind except what is made by the very man who is always talking oracular nonsense about its solution. Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, as all the world knows, promised to make war for an idea, and to liberate Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic. The promise was fulfilled in the same way in which promises from the same mouth have always been fulfilled. It has been fulfilled as the oath was fulfilled by which the new-born President swore to be faithful to the Republic. It has been fulfilled as the declaration was fulfilled by which the new-born Emperor promised that the Empire should be Peace. The world soon learned that the liberation of Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic meant the betrayal of one Italian province to the two-headed eagle of Austria, and the detention of another in the yet baser gripe of the single-headed eagle of France. It soon appeared that this boasted liberation meant the practice of every low intrigue against the welfare of Italy and the unanimous wish of her people. It took, in succession, the form of every possible scheme for making the liberated land divided and dependent. By an extremity of wrong to which it would be hard to find a parallel in the annals of tyranny, the liberator has held by force the natural capital of the kingdom, and has converted the capital thus forcibly detained into a cradle of every sort of treason and brigandage against Italy, her King, and her people. The idea for which France made war was soon equally apparent. It was the old idea, as old as Philip the Fair, of the aggrandizement of France at the expense of her neighbours. Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, like a dishonest servant, exacted two days' wages for half a day's work. He never reached the Adriatic, but he took pretty good care to reach the Alps. The seizure of two provinces of the liberated kingdom was soon found to be the prime object of the liberator. In defiance of all the engagements of treaties, in defiance of his own most solemn declarations, he perpetrated a robbery more criminal than the robberies of earlier kings and tyrants because of the base mockery of popular consent with which it was accomplished. After leaving no stone unturned to keep Italy disunited, and to carve out of her territory a kingdom or two for some of the members of his own house, the liberator at last gave a tardy and ungracious recognition to the liberated State. He still retains her capital, and thus incurs the guilt of all the bloodshed and anarchy to which that retention has condemned the Southern provinces of the kingdom. The born conspirator, to whom the practice of his art is as necessary on a throne as it was in exile, next conspires against the Government of the liberated kingdom, and procures the removal of a Minister whom he finds too upright and patriotic to act as the tool of a foreign tyranny. Thus it is that Louis Napoleon Buonaparte has treated the Italy which is so dear to him; these are the trophies of triumph which he has to hang up along his new Via Sacra; it is for this fashion of exercising lordship that he would fain, like the tyrants of old, be counted as a benefactor.

The imperial scheme of an Italian Confederation had so utterly passed out of mind, that one seems carried back a generation or two when one finds it proposed by an imperial pamphleteer as the true "solution" of the "question." For united Italy to disunite herself sounds, to say the very least, as much of what, in the imperial dialect, is called an "anachronism," as if we were to ask France to disunite herself in the like sort. It sounds as if the Great Nation were required to withdraw within her own natural boundaries, to emancipate Normandy and Aquitaine, and to disgorge her successive acquisitions at the cost of the German and Burgundian kingdoms. Three years back, had the tendencies of the Italian people been towards a Federal rather than a consolidated union, there would have been a real Italian "question,"—a question to be pondered indeed by all Europe, but whose "solution" must, in common honesty, have been left to the Italians themselves. Undoubtedly, several circumstances in the condition of Italy pointed, when looked at by themselves, to a

Federal union as the best means of reconciling strong national unity with strong provincial diversity. Had Italy possessed, like Switzerland, an immemorial Federal system, it might have been well to retain it. Had Italy been an island in the Atlantic, or had her neighbours been no stronger than herself, it might have been well to introduce the Federal system as a novelty. But in the case of a country placed between the two threatening despotisms of Austria and France, with the invading armies of either Power actually occupying portions of her soil, the balance of probable advantage lay the other way. But the question of an Italian Confederation never became a question for discussion, simply because the scheme of a Confederation found no favour in Italian eyes. Those whose business alone it was to decide decided in favour of something else. Confederation was simply thrown out as a blind by the enemy. Of course the Napoleonic scheme of Confederation was simply a sham. No real Confederation was ever proposed. Louis Napoleon Buonaparte never dreamed of anything after the model of Achaia or Switzerland. He saw that a sham Confederation kept Germany weak and disunited, and he hoped that another sham Confederation would keep Italy weak and disunited also. The imperial notion of Confederation was something of which the Pope was to be at the head, and which was to count as one of its members the Imperial, Royal, Archducal, and Apostolic personage who still has the coolness to call himself King of Lombardy. As all the world knows, the net was too openly spread in the sight of the birds. This grand Napoleonic idea sank into oblivion after being for a very short space the laughing-stock of Europe.

That the illustrious Saviour of Society will fill a large space in future histories of Europe we cannot doubt. Some future Mr. Wordly may write an indefinite number of volumes to prove that Providence has always been on his side. But he will hardly be able to claim for his hero a high place in history on the score of originality. There is throughout a certain lack of novelty in the man and in his crimes. Some earlier tyrant, white or black, has forestalled him in everything. For a man to upset the liberties of his own country and to break through his obligations to other countries is what has been often done before the House of Buonaparte was ever heard of. Even this particular dodge of trying to delude a nation by offering them a sham Federal system is not original. It was attempted long ago by a very obscure tyrant indeed. In the fourth century B.C. a certain Callias of Chalcis devised a scheme for getting all Eubœa into his power by putting forth a magnificent plan for uniting all the cities of Eubœa into one Eubœan Federation. The Eubœans were too wise to be gulled by Callias, and the Italians were too wise to be gulled by Louis Napoleon. The Federalizing schemes of Callias are known to posterity only from a single sentence of Æschines; what a gain it would have been for the world if all the doings of his modern followers could be contained in as short a compass!

How far the pamphlet of Baron Brenier is to be looked on as really expressing the Imperial intentions, we, who are not in the secrets of the oracle, do not profess to know. But that it expresses the Imperial wishes we cannot doubt for a moment. Possibly Louis Napoleon himself might shrink from openly asking Italy to dismember itself. But one cannot doubt that he would gladly see Italy dismembered. Now, whether the pamphlet is written by direct Napoleonic inspiration or not, there is something very curious and amusing in the Baron's way of expounding and defending Napoleonic ideas. There is throughout a cool assumption that the first duty of Italy is to follow the lead of France. If Italy enlarges herself, though certainly not at the expense of France, it at once shows the ill-will with which Italy regards France. Tuscany, Æmilia, and Umbria, contumaciously resolved to be free, "in spite of us and against our protests." Such a state of things is fraught with danger to France. The Italian Kingdom is really growing so large, and powerful, and threatening, that the Great Nation does not know into what corner it may at last find itself driven. Before Italy was united, the mere union of Piedmont and Lombardy formed a State whose magnitude was alarming to the little Empire to the north-west of it. Savoy was annexed in pure self-defence; to have allowed the growing monster to have had one foot north of the Alps would have been positive self-murder. And now that it has grown and grown—swallowing up Tuscany, Modena, Parma, both the Sicilies, as much of the Papal States as it can get—the Great Nation gets really appalled at its own frightful danger. The days of treaties, the days even of defensive annexations, are past—the Kingdom must cease to exist—the monster must be broken up once more. The Pope shall enjoy his own again; and, instead of the frightful and dangerous kingdom, we shall have a pleasant, quiet Confederation—not too united, not too strong, but such as will let people sleep quietly in their beds at Paris without the fear of waking up and finding themselves suddenly annexed to the kingdom of Italy.

The hypocrisy of professing to believe that the union of Italy is dangerous to France is too transparent to point out. The thing is really too ludicrous for serious discussion. France professes to be afraid of a united Germany and a united Italy. A united Germany might possibly reclaim some of its own lost goods; but what harm a united Italy is likely to do to its neighbour we really cannot profess to say. Possibly, if it gets very strong, it may ask for Savoy and Nice back again, but hardly till it has recovered Rome and Venice, perhaps even Dalmatia and the Italian Tyrol. Now this last can hardly be got without a struggle with Germany, which might seriously weaken both the threatening Powers. On the whole, we think France is pretty safe for a good while to come. If we are to judge by precedents,



it is certainly a very long time since either Germany or Italy did France any harm. To be sure, Gaul has seen both Italian and German conquerors. She has borrowed her language from one, and her more recent name from the other. Against her Roman masters she can hardly have any right to nourish a grudge; full vengeance for the wrongs of Vercingetorix was avowedly exacted from the Pope sixty years back. That Gaul was once ruled by German kings we fully believe; but as long as Frenchmen persuade the world that Hludwig and Pippin and Karl were all of their own bone and their own flesh, they have no possible reason to complain. Italy has certainly not ruled in Gaul since the days of Theodoric, even if Italy is to be made responsible for the acts of her Gothic master. But from Charles of Anjou to Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, French armies have been constantly employed in subjugating and devastating Italy. The frontiers of Germany have been gradually receding eastward for eight or nine hundred years; and they have never moved one step back again, except when the elder Buonaparte carried matters a little too far, and got to the Elbe instead of the Rhine. Of one kingdom, that of Burgundy, the very name is wiped out; and its modern representative, the Swiss Republic, is threatened and hemmed in till freedom shudders at the prospect. Altogether we cannot think that either Germany or Italy is quite so dangerous to France as France ever has been, and still is, both to Germany and Italy.

One passage in this curious production seems to imply a political or historical theory which has puzzled us more than all the rest. Italy, argues Baron Brenier, cannot be united because of the strong provincial differences between different parts of it. If it cannot be united, one does not understand why such fearful results are expected from its union. But why cannot it be united? Let us hear the Baron. He thus continues:—

This, for me, is an incontestable fact. But it is pretended that unity being a new contrivance, it requires time to establish it. The example of France is spoken of, the model of united States, and which includes within it many populations of different races—Brittany, Alsace, Lorraine, and others. But there is no truth in that comparison, constantly made by Italian political writers. Everybody knows that Alsace and Franche Comté were conquests, Brittany an acquisition by marriage, and Lorraine the result of an exchange.

This is wholly beyond us. We admit the difference in the fullest degree. Modern France is the creation of a series of gradual acquisitions, some violent, some fraudulent. United Italy is the sult of the willing union of States unnaturally separated. The Baron seems to think that States united by their own consent are less likely permanently to coalesce than States which are united by force. Surely this is, to say the least, a bit of a paradox, which it hardly does to assume as if it were a self-evident truth. We cannot help thinking that the truth lies the other way. The Comtois, long after their annexation, expressed their hatred for France in their very funeral rites; now they are as good Frenchmen as anybody else. *A fortiori* then, a Neapolitan may be expected to become a good Italian as soon as he can abate the nuisance of a French army interposed between him and his King.

#### AMATEUR MUSIC.

THE development of a taste for music in England amounts to a positive feature in our social life. It is not much more than a hundred years since Italian opera was a mere exotic in this country. Now it has taken hold on the national fibre with a grasp which each succeeding programme of Mr. Lumley or Mr. Gye serves but to rivet. But to measure the advance of the art by the metropolis merely, with its double musical season, or the columns of the *Times* choked with concert advertisements, would be to take a very superficial view of its growth. The most remarkable, as well as the healthiest, feature is that an appetite for music has sprung up among all classes alike, and is not confined to the idle and opulent alone. While there is an increasing demand for opera-stalls, music-halls and promenade concerts are increasingly thronged. There is a slow but steady extension of the repertory of the London *gamin*. There is an increasing market for that sentimental class of ballad in which the daughter of the British farmer is wont to apostrophize the stars or the flowers. Even the young lady with corkscrew curls who makes out our bill at the Red Lion, with so many exquisite flourishes of her pen, is in the habit of snatching an interval from her arithmetical labours, and indulging ever and anon in a lackadaisical ditty about a broken heart or "Fading away." There is hardly an inn-parlour without its piano, or a Little Pedlington without its glee-club. England, in whose primary schools singing is not necessarily taught, is gradually lessening the distance which, in point of musical culture, divides her from Germany, where it is an essential of school instruction.

The improvement of drawing-room music, therefore, is only one indication among many of our musical progress. When amateur musicians come before the public, as they have recently done at St. James's Hall, it bespeaks, at all events, an increased confidence in their own musical abilities. The present generation of young ladies sing with much more art, and sing a much better class of music, than their predecessors. We hear of really good music being substituted for the eternal ballad or threadbare cavatina—even crucial acts of first-class operas. It is rare that one is doomed to witness the melancholy exhibition of an utterly incapable songstress. Everyone knows what that infliction is. With a pleasant smile upon your lip, you are racking your brains all the while for some vague compliment with which to greet the conclusion of the song. In this dilemma, we believe that equivocation has received the sanction

of the hierarchy. It is said that once upon a time a young lady, in company with a right reverend prelate, consented, after a long and coy resistance, to be led to the piano. When she sang, it was so badly that, as she finished, no one was found with sufficient heroism to express to the fair executant the collective thanks of the audience. In this strait his lordship arose, and crossing the room said, with his sweetest smile, "Thank you, Miss —, very particularly. Another time, when you say you can't sing, we shall all know how to believe you." But few of us are capable of this charming ambiguity of expression, and it is therefore an immense relief not to be driven so often to feel our lack of it.

As the mother of musical daughters, you desire to give what is technically known as a musical party. This species of entertainment has much to recommend it. It is more economical than the *soirée dansante*, and more lively than the common drum. It is convenient, too, as including your whole visiting list in one catholic embrace. For a ball, you invite your guests with some regard to their Terpsichorean attainments; but when you give a musical party you need exercise no such discrimination. It is an accredited vent for the impulses of the most unreasoning hospitality. Your only thought is to net your whole acquaintance, and pay off all outstanding scores of civility. There is no impropriety in summoning an assemblage of the most heterogeneous nature. The gravest dignitaries of either Bench may be invited to assist at an occasion of this kind without any breach of decorum. When you have settled the precise form which your offering at the shrine of conventionalism is to take, you proceed to organize the entertainment in the most effective manner possible. Happily, you have in the bosom of your own circle some of the materials for an amateur concert. Sappho and Cecilia both sing charmingly, and each will be ready with a solo, while the two voices can blend delightfully in a duet. But how is the concerted music to be executed, and is the requisite supply of male voices duly forthcoming? As for a chorus, it is a consideration with which few have the courage to grapple. When the point is mooted, there is a tendency to take refuge in hazy generalities, and to assume that Bella, Harry, and George, together with cousin Gustavus, who attended Hullah's class last winter, will be equal to all emergencies. The first thing is to get a tenor. This is by no means easy—first, because nature, prodigal of her basses and bary-tones, accords this quality of voice to but few; and secondly, because those few know how to enhance its value by making themselves as inaccessible as possible. After ransacking your memory for the name of every youth whom you have heard sing, or heard it reported can sing, you are at last successful. Perhaps you catch your man fresh from the country; perhaps you find him among that class of youthful civil servants who, armed with an eye-glass, a lip, and an umbrella, exercise a sort of terrorism over the *salons* of the capital. Having at last secured your tenor, you write him a little note begging him to attend at a practice on a certain afternoon. Just when you have begun to despair of his coming, the great man lounges in, and the whole choir sets energetically to work on the quintet which is the *pièce de resistance* of the second part of the performance. For the first half hour all goes smoothly; but then there is a hitch, and a collision of opinion as to the time at which a certain movement ought to be taken. This little difficulty being arranged, the practice proceeds; but before it is over, it becomes painfully apparent that the new acquisition has conceived an insurmountable aversion to the useful little counter-tenor who sings Rambaldo to his Roberto. He has, moreover, flouted the profound bass, and treated with marked rudeness the light soprano, whom, as Isabella, he is bound to regard with unalterable affection. No sooner is her back turned than he hazards the horrible surmise that she sings out of tune. She, whom you regard as possessing the most faultlessly correct ear! You cannot believe it, and prefer to think it one of those hallucinations from which even gifted young vocalists are not exempt. A little more experience of amateur musicians throws considerable light on the matter. Every one will be found to be under the impression that every one but himself sings more or less out of tune. To ears so fine and highly cultivated as theirs, everything is a discord. Not only the lark, but the nightingale, and indeed all the feathery tribe, are wont to sing grievously out of tune. When they praise a singer, it is generally with a reservation of this kind. If you ask Hautbois what he thinks of Rubini Brown's chest-notes, he will tell you that they are certainly exceptional, but spoilt by their unsteadiness. Miss Dulcimer may have a sweet voice, but what a pity it is her intonation is so imperfect! There is no merit which one regular amateur is so slow to admit in another as the possession of this, the first condition of all good singing. This comes, of course, not from any motive of jealousy, or from the proverbial eccentricity of genius, but merely from having trained the human ear to such an exquisite nicety as to sound, that any voice except one's own jars on it untunefully, and produces a sense of discord.

Another discovery which you will make when you have fairly embarked in an adventure of this kind, is that you have temporarily cast in your lot with a very sensitive set of persons. There is no human being more sensitive than an amateur musician, except a professional one. Not only is he at all times and seasons ready to take offence, but there is ever on his lips a tale of past wrongs to which, in his capacity of artist, he has been subjected. It is probably of the most paltry and trivial kind, but you must be careful for all that, in listening to it, to repress the rising yawn. Young Smith, who prides himself on his falsetto, will twaddle on pitilessly about his favourite grievance. Nothing on earth shall ever induce him to sing again with Miss Jones. And why? Because the said Miss Jones had the bad taste, the other evening,

when he was singing a passage from a duet of Rossini with his head-voice, to come out too loud with her B flat, and altogether ruin the *ensemble*. The lady, on her part, sustained an injury no less serious. If she has a black beast, it is that young Cornet A'Piston. Will you believe the dirty trick he once served her? Having promised to help her out by a blast of trumpets at the critical moment in a trying song, he basely left her, at the last minute, in the lurch, to sustain a note of prodigious height through some wonderful number of bars, at the imminent risk of cracking her voice. To these and similar anecdotes without end, you will be doomed to listen, composing your features, if possible, to an expression of considerate sympathy.

If two or three practices do not succeed in wrecking your undertaking, you may think yourself very fortunate. It is said that nothing excites so many uncharitable feelings among its promoters as a charity bazaar. We would back a charity concert to excite them much more, and in far greater intensity. There is no hatred like the *odium musicum*. Even when there is no philanthropic object to be a pungent satire on the proceedings, it is rare to find much unanimity or mutual forbearance among amateur musicians. What are the Christian graces to ladies whose voices compass two octaves, and gentlemen who can boast of an "ut de poitrine?" There is hardly a stage in the preliminaries of your musical enterprise which is not marked by what maidservants call "an unpleasantness." It is nothing but a series of tiffs and huffs and sulks. Some of your amateur company are sure to secede. The first fight is over the programme. Here you are met by a difficult problem—how to insert in it something good for each performer. This is hardly feasible, unless, like Mr. Mark Lemon, you distribute your entertainment over three consecutive evenings. You compromise the matter by equalizing as much as possible the opportunity for display which each is so anxious to obtain. If one of your fair vocalists be allotted the lion's share in the first part, the other must be allowed to shine pre-eminent in the second. It is curious to observe how soon a drawing-room, like a green-room, is split up into its little factions and coteries, and the squabbles of Faustina and Cuzzoni reproduced on a miniature scale.

The interval between fixing the eventful evening and its arrival is necessarily a very anxious one, and chiefly on account of your tenor. Your hold over that gentleman is usually most precarious. He is a notorious Proteus, and may at any moment slip through your fingers. You are morally in the position of the fisherman who, having hooked a fine salmon, stands on the brink playing his fish, in the patient endeavour to land him successfully. Suppose that operation safely effected, and your perseverance crowned with success. All your principals arrive in decent good humour and without colds. The performance begins—the opening quartet goes well—you experience a sensation of relief, if not of positive satisfaction. As the concert proceeds, you perceive that you have committed one serious blunder. Such excellent singing merited a more sympathetic audience. You ought to have restricted your invitations to such of your acquaintance as might be credited with some little taste for music. Instead of this you have crammed into your rooms the most uncongenial assemblage possible. Ladies who indulge in musical parties really ought to hire a few *claqueurs* for the occasion. There is something absolutely disconcerting in the stony glare of the dowagers who front the singers. Those who do not look ineffably bored look hopelessly and impenetrably unmusical. Then you have been careful to provide a goodly number of persons who are burning to discourse instead of being discoursed to, and these human geysers of small-talk bubble forth unrestrained before and after and even in the middle of the songs. There never was such a concurrence of ill-assorted atoms. What reward is it to Mrs. Smith, for having given you a vote for the Red-Haired Orphans Asylum, to be wedged in two mortal hours between the instrument and the chiffoniere, listening to the most unintelligible strains in a foreign lingo? Mrs. Brown has found you a house-maid;—therefore let her be a witness, half-buried among the folds of your portiere, of what Amina said to Elvino, and of the reply of that disconsolate swain. Why, because you naturally feel grateful to the old gentleman who befriended you when you lost your purse and passport last autumn in Switzerland, are you to permit him to impale himself temporarily on an angle of the family Broadwood? These and similar good offices merit acknowledgment, but not in the shape of a card of invitation to "amateur music."

But the song is suspended—the lights are extinguished—the guests are gone. The thing has been a decided success. There has been no serious *contretemps*. At one moment, indeed, the proceedings of the chorus caused you some alarm. To your excited imagination, their notes seemed to be becoming every instant more like cries for help from a musical Slough of Despond. Reclaimed from demoralization by a passionate glance of the conductor's eye, they showed symptoms of rushing into the other extreme. Led by a few daring nutineers they set the constituted authority of the *bâton* at defiance, and could be hardly induced, by the urgent expostulations of the principals, to return to their duty and time. But an amateur chorus is always allowed a wide margin of eccentricity. Two-thirds of your guests will never detect any of its tricky ways; and the other third will find a verdict with extenuating circumstances on the score of its motley composition. Probably, in the first access of relief at the happy conclusion of your managerial cares, you will register a vow never to repeat the experiment. But the feeling of disgust will wear off, and you will be found shortly buzzing again round the same candle. But as you rest your head upon its well-earned pillow, you will, if you are of a thoughtful habit of mind, fall into a train of dreamy speculation on the effect of

music on the human character. Does it do mankind more good or evil? Why are those who devote themselves to the art so little-minded and self-seeking? For one whom it refines and elevates, are there not twenty to whom it is morally injurious? And, vaguely groping for the true answer to such suggestions—namely, that a thing is not bad because it is capable of abuse—you will close your weary eyelids, and fall asleep.

#### COLONIAL MILITARY EXPENDITURE.

TWO recent Parliamentary discussions founded on the Report of a Select Committee of the House of Commons during the last session, have brought our Colonial Military Administration under public notice. Whether the practical effect of these discussions be immediate or remote, there can be little doubt that their tendency is to awaken hopes and apprehensions which must henceforth concentrate a far greater amount of attention than heretofore on our colonial policy. It would seem at first sight natural to expect that the right administration of the outlying portions of an Empire of which the metropolitan area is so inconsiderable as that of the British Isles, would have been always regarded as an object of first-rate interest and importance by our statesmen and our people, especially considering the claims constantly asserted by this country to bear a prominent part, not only in Continental controversies, but in the disputes and troubles of distant nations in various quarters of the world. It is nevertheless evident, from the various tokens by which public opinion may be gauged, that the desire to maintain the integrity of our colonial Empire has not the unanimous character of a national instinct. Doubts naturally incident to a period of transition in the theory and practice of colonial government have arisen in the public mind affecting the expediency of any continued exercise of Imperial authority over the dependencies of Great Britain.

A wavering unsettled state of opinion on this subject, ever veering and varying with the weathercock of the daily press, infects with its instability the tone of our literature, our Parliament, and our Executive Government. At one moment, we exult and glorify ourselves that we are citizens of an Empire on which the sun never sets. At another, we marvel at our own folly in squandering four millions sterling a year in scattering 50,000 troops over the fifty colonies of a fragmentary Empire which yields us no substantial return for so vast an expenditure. To-day, we are reminded that our influence among the nations of the world depends on the importance, whether real or imaginary, derived from the expanse of territory over which the flag of England waves, and that, if that nominal dominion were discontinued, we should inevitably shrink into our proper insular insignificance in the estimate of mankind. To-morrow, these romantic arguments are broadly met by economists and statisticians, and contradicted by an appeal to the practical instincts of a commercial people.

The suggestions of those who, despairing of any reconstruction of a system which they deem effete, prescribe a summary "winding up" of all our colonial partnerships, assume various forms, and are based on various considerations, economical and political. Sometimes they have no other foundation than the popular jealousy of the Executive Government, each and every department of which is in turn impartially condemned as a mere field for patronage, maintained for the convenience of the governing body at the expense of the community. But it oftener happens that Colonial Emancipationists rest their case on special grounds less vulgar and more plausible. "Extent of territory," it is argued, "is rather a source of weakness than of strength. The grandeur which it is supposed to confer on a State is as unreal and unsubstantial as that which an individual is supposed to derive from power or fame." "On what grounds," it is asked, "do you rest the maintenance of a colonial Empire, supported at considerable cost to the parent State, from which you not only derive no profit or tribute, either in money or in kind, but whose free and independent citizens may, if they please, with impunity close their ports against your manufactures, while they garrison their cities and frontiers with your troops?" It would be well if, instead of nursing theoretical fallacies into stubborn convictions by assailing arguments like these with obsolete platitudes or contemptuous sneers, the advocates of the retention of colonies met the advocates for their abandonment by reminding them that, though the affairs of empires may indeed be submitted, like those of tradesmen, to the test of the balance-sheet, it is not by this test alone that great questions of public policy are to be tried or finally decided.

The military defence alone of the British colonies is said to involve, in the aggregate, an impost on the British tax-payer of 16 per cent. on our exports to those colonies which at the present moment are permitted to levy import duties on our manufactures at rates ranging from 10 to 100 per cent. Regarded as a *bargain*, the arrangement is absolutely indefensible on any known principles of politics or commerce. But it is, in fact, no bargain at all. The only liability fairly chargeable on a parent State which retains the arbitrament of peace or war, is for the protection of all portions of the Empire from perils arising from the consequences of Imperial policy. Every shilling otherwise spent from Imperial funds on the defence of self-governed Colonies, not maintained as military or naval stations or for other Imperial purposes, is in fact a free gift to those communities, to be continued or withdrawn at the will and pleasure of the Imperial Government. The continuance of such payments can only be justified, during the transition state of our colonial policy, on grounds of expediency, in order to avert the disastrous contingencies which an abrupt change might involve to



those poorer and less prosperous communities which, if suddenly abandoned, might be exposed to the risks of domestic anarchy, the raids of savage races, or the rapacity of rival Powers. It would no doubt be cheaper to abandon them at once. But it does not necessarily follow that such a course would therefore be politic, or, even if it were politic, that it would be possible. Our task now is not to cut the knot, but to unravel it, and to face with courage and patience the accumulated difficulties involved in the entire reversal of an obsolete and now untenable policy. It has taken three centuries to consolidate an Empire which has been the simple product of Anglo-Saxon energy, stimulated by every variety of motive, political, commercial, and religious, which can actuate mankind—a cluster of territorial atoms thrown under a single rule, by the rough chances of war, and the bold spirit of personal adventure. It is not very likely that the national pride of the citizens of this Empire—to speak of no higher motive—will consent to its instantaneous or even gradual dismemberment. It is, on the other hand, equally certain that their sense of justice will condemn and abrogate a system under which the privileges of freedom are accorded to the colonies, and its burdens imposed upon the parent State. What is really wanted is a practical adaptation of our policy to the new relations which have arisen between Great Britain and the various communities which acknowledge her authority.

Twenty years ago, self-government for colonies was a fashionable and successful "movement" of the day. The result was a flourishing crop of miniature Parliaments, armed with full powers of local legislation, extending even to a practical control over the councils of the Queen's representative. At the same time, the territorial revenues were surrendered to these newly constituted Assemblies. These Parliaments soon discovered that taxes on imports afforded the readiest means of providing funds for colonial public works and official salaries, and full willingly accepted as a constitutional principle the maxim which allotted to themselves the power of making wars, and to Great Britain the burden of paying for them. It was evident that the question would soon be, not as of old, whether we should have the power to tax the Colonies, but whether the Colonies should have the power to tax us. In the case of those which were harassed by warlike native races, as New Zealand and the Cape, the vast commissariat expenditure borne by the Imperial Treasury became in fact a tax paid by Great Britain to colonial speculators, and gave to that section of the colonists who were removed from the immediate danger of war a direct pecuniary inducement to pick quarrels with their neighbours. In the meantime, ingenious military engineers planned and executed costly colonial fortifications, which Lord Grey now advises us to blow up. The cost of transporting troops alone rose in average years to about 200,000*l.*, and the total annual cost of colonial garrisons, including that of deadweights and departmental expenses, to nearly four millions. Such was the state of things when the Select Committee of last session was appointed to inquire and report whether any and what alterations might be advantageously adopted in the mode and cost of our colonial military administration. The report of this Committee, all the chief recommendations of which appear to have been unanimous, was supported by the evidence of Lord Grey, Sir John Burgoyne, Mr. Gladstone, Admiral Erskine, the late Lord Herbert, and other witnesses of high authority. A resolution based on its conclusions was adopted by the House of Commons on the motion of Mr. Arthur Mills, the chairman of the Committee, affirming as a principle of our future colonial policy, that responsibility for self-defence follows as a necessary consequence on the acceptance, on the part of a colony, of the privileges of self-government. If the policy thus inaugurated should be steadily and consistently followed up, we may not unreasonably hope that the colonies, emerging from that political minority in which we have hitherto retained them, and gradually learning the lesson of manly self-reliance, may assume the duties as well as the privileges of freedom, and relieve the parent State from a large portion of those burdens which ought fairly to devolve upon themselves. Such a policy is not one involving the alienation or abandonment of our colonial Empire. On the contrary, it carries with it the only sound or permanent guarantees for its endurance. It is not unreasonable to hope that, as the union between Great Britain and her dependencies gradually loses the protective, and assumes the federative character, the foundations may be laid of a dominion in which the dignity of governing shall be made to depend on the dignity of the governed. It may be that the worn-out bonds forged in the bygone days of commercial monopolies, and the authority once founded on a useless and unmeaning display of military power, shall be superseded by the hearty alliance of sister States, owning a willing allegiance to a common sceptre, and knit together, not only by a community of material interests, but by the enduring ties of a common origin, language, and religion.

#### MR. PEABODY'S MUNIFICENCE.

MR. GEORGE PEABODY has done too noble a thing, and done it in too noble a way, to permit the suspicion of a political investment in the splendid act of charity which has just been announced. Yet his munificence will do infinitely more for the North in public estimation than even President Lincoln's cheap bid for the Anti-Slavery fanatics. The popular sentiment in favour of at least something American, and of at least one subject of the Stars and Stripes, will be enlisted at the right moment. Happy in his endowment, still more happy is Mr. Peabody in timing or in announcing it. But it would be as ungracious

to look a gift horse in the mouth as to speculate on the accidents and circumstances of the day on which he was sent round to our stables. Blood is thicker than water, as the good Southern captain said in the Peiho waters; and blood is thicker than water, says the good Northern merchant at his counting-house in London. Mr. Peabody has been long and deservedly esteemed in London and among business men. As a resident among us, he has honourably acquired a large fortune, and, already experienced in works of practical charity, he has now devoted the large sum of 150,000*l.* for the benefit of the London poor.

Of course the remarkable value of this benefaction is that it is first a gift, and next the gift of a stranger. We all understand how much a gift exceeds a legacy. The easy virtue of posthumous liberality costs nothing, but charitable donations made in a person's lifetime are comparatively rare. Not even our Mortmain Statutes have been powerful enough to stimulate that stronger and better virtue—a charity which costs a man something substantial. And yet there are sufficient reasons for founding an institution while the founder himself can have the advantage of detecting the flaws in his own scheme of liberality. It may be that much, or at any rate somewhat, of the success of our older charitable foundations is to be traced to the fact that they rested upon the intentions of a living man, and did not depend on the construction which lawyers might fasten on the supposed intentions of the dead. This is a value independent of all higher considerations founded on the fact that a gift implies an actual sacrifice. The interest on 150,000*l.* is no trifle for even a very rich man to surrender while it is open to him to enjoy it. But this is more than a gift—it is a stranger's gift. It recalls him whose especial praise as a foreigner was that he loved the nation in which he was not a citizen but a denizen, and built them a synagogue. Very probably Mr. Peabody, like the higher representatives of the better American mind, has desired to identify himself with the country from which his ancestors derived their blood; and, just as many Americans claim their own share in our great names, and in our fame in literature and politics, so it may be that Mr. Peabody seeks in his noble benefaction to identify himself for ever with our institutions. What he wants to show, as he evidently feels, is, that a true American has a personal interest in London, and is himself in a high sense a London merchant and a London citizen. He looks on London as common to all English kith and kin. Some time ago, an Englishman long resident in Paris thought proper to leave an Art-Collection to France, and this was thought, and perhaps not unjustly, to be an unpatriotic thing. But the founder of the educational institutions at Baltimore need not fear the charge of forgetting higher obligations due to his native land. We cannot at this moment recall an exact precedent for liberality such as Mr. Peabody's; and it is no slight praise to have innovated on the beaten track.

Mr. Peabody's opinion on the particular point in which he thinks English charity requires to be supplemented or stimulated may perhaps be regarded as unusually important. Strangers often understand domestic matters better than those most personally and directly interested in them. They stand apart from our sectional and temporary modes of viewing internal affairs. We are in danger of forgetting or undervaluing our worst deficiencies; and the opinion of a really intelligent foreigner is better than most of our own social experiences and confessions. Mr. Peabody sees that we are sufficiently alive to all that Government can do for the people—that as to education, and hospitals, and schools, and museums, we can do enough, and more than enough. Our great religious principles, and our acknowledged maxims in politics—nay, even our religious divisions and our party strifes—may well be trusted for acknowledging and supplying most of our class wants. But there is one great evil universally incident to humanity—at least to humanity under any and every social system which has yet been the result of study or accident. The poor shall never cease from the land. Above and beyond and below all our civilization—perhaps sometimes on account of our civilization—will seethe and fester a large, it may be an increasing, amount of personal human suffering. Poverty will be the social evil which no state-system and no benevolence can ever adequately cope with, and will never pretend to eradicate. There will always be the poor, and the poor will always want and require more than they can get. There will always be a great void into which Mr. Peabody's charity may be properly poured. He was quite right, therefore, in selecting the London poor as the exclusive objects of his bounty. His choice relieved him from the imputation of aiding a party or encouraging a crotchet. The largest and eldest want of our common humanity was the safest to select; and Mr. Peabody, in the manner of his beneficence, has shown as much wisdom as generosity in its matter.

At present, the details of the scheme are not settled; and the trustees nominated by the founder will have undoubtedly a serious responsibility to face. London is large enough to render impossible that evil which has proved fatal to merely local charities, and the temptation to flock to any particular town for the sake of qualifying for the local charities is in this case wholly out of the question. What definition shall distinguish the really poor—whether age or sickness, or what special chances and changes of this mortal life—may well be left to the future. Who shall be Mr. Peabody's almoners, and who his stewards for ever, we can readily decline at present to enquire. Enough for us that the London poor are his objects. And, after all, they are the most substantial objects of charity. Poverty may be simulated; it may be impossible to fix its limits or to define its range; but it exists. The majority of the visibly and really poor are no

impostors. Men do hunger and thirst, and pine and starve. Want and wretchedness, and sickness and cold, and tattered clothing are, after all, the great true facts, and ever will remain so. As Christianity was the first to recognize the claims of poverty, so, on the very front of its charter, it placed the duty to relieve the hungry, the thirsty, the naked, and the homeless. Every corporate and perpetual charity may be, and is certain to be, abused; but a gift to the London poor must of necessity hit more blots than it misses.

Mr. Peabody has in a thoroughly practical way gone back to the old-fashioned, and at one time exclusive, method of English charity. There is hardly a parish in England which, on some sumptuous board in its parish church, does not record the legacies and gifts of old time bestowed by our simple fathers on "the poor of this parish" or "the decayed inhabitants of this town." Poverty was the one and only appeal which founders and benefactors of old could understand. Of late years, we have grown, as we think, wiser. We say, and there is truth enough in the saying, that it is better to prevent poverty—that it requires a higher intelligence to make poverty impossible than to feed and clothe it when it stalks an offence and a disgrace in the land. And so it is. But we have not yet destroyed poverty, and we shall have to wait till the Millennium before this great work is achieved. Meanwhile, it is just possible that the really poor, whether their existence is economically justifiable or not, shriek and sigh, and there is but a scanty or fitful answer to special, and often not very remarkable, appeals, because we dislike the ugly fact that, after all, we cannot get rid of poverty, and bury it for ever out of our sight. Mr. George Peabody has done something in merely facing an unwholesome truth; and if we were to add that he has also done something to revive that particular sort of charity which we are in some danger of postponing to the showy charity of education, arts and sciences, parks and washhouses, reading-rooms and lecture-halls, perhaps we should only say that our benefactor excels as much in good sense as in good feeling.

#### ANONYMOUS LETTERS.

ANONYMOUS letters have always been in bad odour. "Cowardly" and "skulking," are the mildest epithets generally applied to those who write them. Nobody attends to anonymous letters—nobody values them at a straw—nobody heeds the information contained in them. Once, indeed, we heard a dignified ecclesiastic of highly logical turn of mind declare that he never, by any chance, condescended even to read an anonymous letter. Yet the policy of utterly ignoring anonymous letters borders on the foolish. To take one instance only—had not considerable attention been paid once upon a time to an anonymous letter, a certain Gunpowder Plot would have been successfully accomplished, to the great personal inconvenience of King, Lords, and Commons, and the utter consternation of Protestant England. The anger which people evince on the subject of anonymous letters rather gives the lie to the contemptuous indifference assumed by them. Such letters are of various degrees of significance—often stinging and innocuous—sometimes irritating and mischievous—sometimes, though very rarely, not destitute of utility, as an indication of what others think of us, or as a guide to our conduct in difficult circumstances. A man of mean and spiteful nature may have recourse to this underhand method of damaging some one obnoxious to him, and may reflect with satisfaction on the ease and safety with which the falsest and bitterest things can be said in a letter with no name to it. But malignant letters, evidently the work of an enemy, are far less effective than the writers suppose or wish. Few people, except in novels, were ever seriously hurt by stabs in the dark, administered through the medium of the Post-office.

Preserved specimens of epistolary abuse, sent under a feigned name or with none at all, would afford sufficient amusement for an idle half-hour or so. We will suppose you to be an M.P., or otherwise to occupy a somewhat public position. People not personally acquainted with you, but indignant with you on public grounds, seldom manage to hit hard in anonymous communications. They may strike with a will, but, not knowing your weak points, the blow falls very feebly. They accuse you of infirmities from which your friends know you to be exempt, and of crimes of which you feel you are perfectly innocent. For example—an anonymous writer denounces with cutting severity your vacillation of purpose. But you know that if you have a fault it is not vacillation, but unamiable obstinacy. You are charged with time-serving flattery. But you are too well aware that your habitual impulse is to say the most disagreeable things at the most unseasonable moments. You are twitted with chicken-hearted timidity, whereas you are conscious that your especial characteristic is peevish pugnacity. You are scoffed at as a sanctified hypocrite, whilst conscience tells you your error lies in pretending to be less religious than you are. In short, your antagonist beats the air. Your withers are unwrung, and none of his sarcasms touch you. Blunders and bad shots are in like manner perpetrated in lower forms of attack. A valued friend who, whenever he takes off his hat, exhibits a head almost as destitute of hair as a billiard ball, was bitterly assailed in an anonymous letter, and the crowning sarcasm was an insinuation that he wore a wig.

It is not, then, anonymous letters from people who are very angry with you, whether personally acquainted with you or not, that commonly inflict pain or annoyance. The anonymous letters that really sting, be it much or little, are letters written in a cool vein of criticism by persons, not particularly angry, who propose to set you right on a point where you have made an unlucky blunder, or

who, from an instinctive pleasure in giving pain, tranquilly communicate the impressions entertained by themselves and others on your character and conduct in general. Our friends and the public are too busy for any extensive indulgence in anonymous criticisms; but it is open to question whether good might not be done by plain speaking of this kind when thoroughly conscientious. Every one feels how difficult it is to tell the whole truth, even to our nearest friends—we mean the whole truth about their faults and foibles. One wanders round and round it, nibbles at it, makes little incursions into it, then hurriedly retreats, and loses no time in enveloping oneself in a cloud of complimentary dust. One utters a wholesome rebuke, then anxiously qualifies it—tears off the veil from hidden errors with one hand, and with the other tenderly replaces it—in short, blows hot and cold in the same moment. The reasons are obvious. First, a man does not like to lose his friend, and very few friendships would endure a week if friends affectionately but unservedly told each other all their faults. Secondly, we really feel, most of us, a little shy in pointing out errors and infirmities—even from the best of motives—of which we are perfectly sure we are quite as guilty ourselves. There is also that reluctance to see a person uncomfortable or unhappy which deters many from doing their duty to those about them, and ultimately causes tenfold more discomfort and misery than that which it temporarily averts. It is said that our enemies' judgment of us is at least nearer the truth than our own. The judgment of our friends is probably still nearer. We refer to real friends—men who value us, regard us with warm affection, and who are also really intimate with us. There are those who profess to love one another, but know as little of each other's inmost nature as total strangers. Such people are not friends. If, then, a friend could fairly and fully inform us what there was amiss in us—what there was reprehensible, and what there was lacking—we should be not so far off as we are at present from carrying out the maxim of knowing ourselves. Sit down, however, and try to write a letter to a friend whose failings you earnestly desire to correct. If you can do so, imagine that you are writing *incognito*—imagine that your friend never will nor can know who was the writer. Write as accurately, as truthfully and justly, as you can. Then read it, and consider what additions and modifications you would wish to make if you had to announce yourself the author of it. Compare the original with the amended letter, and you will see at a glance in how disguised a form friends tell each other what are called home truths. We wrap up the home truths in a sugary envelope, just as nurses veil the obnoxious powder in deceptive jelly, and as prudent apothecaries, who wish to sell their drugs, silver their pills for patients, whether old or young. Even the soft Dean "who never mentions Hell to ears polite" would probably come out stronger if he preached, like a cowed monk in the Coliseum at Rome, in strict *incognito*, with only his eyes visible to the congregation.

Anonymous letters are commonly traceable to their source through peculiarities of style, the general tone of thought, the information they contain, and such like indications very difficult to conceal. Walpole tells a story of a certain nobleman whose neglected education saved him from a duel. A pamphlet called *The Snake in the Grass*, dealing out abuse right and left, was jokingly attributed to him. One of the victims sent him a challenge. His lordship professed he was not the author, but the other demanded a denial in writing under his own hand. The nobleman thereupon took pen and ink and began—"This is to certify that the buk called the Snak"—the gentleman abruptly interrupted, acknowledged his lordship could not be the author, and took his leave with many apologies. A letter purporting to come from a butler whose feelings had been outraged by an article in this journal, caused us some perplexity. It was a trifle too well written for a British butler; yet one remark there was which strongly savoured of butlerdom. We had instanced a teetotal butler as one of the few of that order deserving of thorough respect and confidence. Our indignant correspondent, commenting on this, triumphantly asked—how could a butler who was a teetotaler do his duty by his master's cellar? The question rather posed us. It was so exactly what a genuine butler would say, that the only conclusion we could arrive at was that, if the writer were not a butler, he ought to be one.

The attempt to decipher character by means of handwriting is not merely a favourite amusement of young ladies who have plenty of leisure. It is a rather popular expedient amongst the large class of persons who have an especial relish for money earned by imposing on the public. An advertisement appears very often in some provincial papers announcing that gentlemen and ladies desirous of obtaining an accurate delineation of their characters, tastes, habits, antipathies, and predilections, will receive the same by sending specimens of their handwriting, with one shilling's worth of postage stamps, post paid, to Professor Walker, or some such individual, at the "Cup and Saucer Tavern," Little Britain. The investment must be remunerative, or these advertisements would be less numerous. People respond from idle curiosity, from want of anything better to do, or, may be, from a half-and-half faith in the skill of the professor. An anonymous letter is despatched, and, if the postage stamps have not been omitted, there is no fear about an answer. Professor Walker will promptly return a cut and dried portrait of the writer's mental and moral configuration, of which the following may be regarded as a very fair sample:—

The writer, though by no means insensible to kindness, is painfully alive to unmerited censure. He is fond of praise, but does not much value that bestowed by the vicious and the ignorant. Indignant when subjected to deliberate insult, in course of time he recovers his wonted composure, and though he cannot forget he at least can forgive. He cherishes a warm



appreciation of Shakspeare and delights in many parts of Milton. He sees much to admire in Tennyson. He prefers old cathedrals gleaming in the moonlight to the handsomest warehouse illuminated by brilliant sunshine. His spirits are unequal, but when everything goes well with him and nobody contradicts him, his amiability and gentleness are very touching. When air and exercise have sharpened his appetite, he eats his meals with relish, and however exhausted by fatigue and want of regular rest will sleep as soundly as a young child. He has much appreciation of wit and humour, and ought to be himself witty. But whether he is so or not depends upon the degree of encouragement offered by the company. There is more in the writer than anybody believes—more than he himself believes. He is a very remarkable man, but very few of his friends and neighbours in the least suppose so.

Such a character will probably suit most of us. It only needs the merest trifle of touching up to make it palpably exact. If the handwriting seems rapid and irregular, something may safely be thrown in about impulsiveness of character and energetic vehemence. A stiff, well-balanced handwriting will of course, suggest a methodical turn of mind. Long loops and sprawling tails denote some degree of weakness of character, and thereupon an exhortation to lean upon the counsel of a judicious friend is the obvious deduction. Other hints are afforded by even the most ordinary handwriting. But the staple of the character for which you pay your shilling is commonly such as we have sketched—a string of judicious truisms seasoned with a spice of not too delicate flattery.

The oddest purpose to which the anonymous form of correspondence is applied is that of procuring a wife. The preliminary step is an advertisement in the newspapers, in which the gentleman modestly describes himself "as a middle-aged man of agreeable disposition, domestic habits, a pleasing exterior, and in receipt of a certain income of 300*l.* a year in the 3 per cent. Reduced Annuities." He goes on to express, in language denoting tender devotion to the fair sex, tempered by a keen eye to business, "his anxiety to meet with a lady, if possible younger than himself, possessed of a tolerable share of personal attractions, capable of appreciating modest worth, and filling a void in a heart that yearns for sympathy, with an annual income not less than his own, arising from freehold property or Government securities." Letters, not necessarily stating the names of the writers, are requested to be directed, post paid, to a given address. It may be that these advertisements are sometimes intended as a trap for the unwary. Sometimes, on the other hand, when the genuine effusion of a solitary bachelor or disconsolate widower, the advertiser himself is entrapped. A ladylike *billet doux* reaches him from some distant part of the kingdom, penned in a graceful Italian handwriting, and conveying the interesting assurance that the writer, despairing to meet with a kindred spirit, had resolved to live a life of lonely seclusion, but struck by the tone of respectful diffidence and manly candour pervading the advertisement, she so far relents as to enter into preliminary negotiations on the subject so near his heart. The still more interesting information follows in a postscript, that she is blessed with an income not inferior to his own, and that her too partial friends assure her that in face and figure she is eminently prepossessing. A correspondence of some length follows, ending in the advertiser abruptly making his appearance in a remote provincial town, clad, at the express instigation of the fair unknown, *à la Malvolio*, in some ridiculous costume, and, instead of meeting the lady, encountering a policeman who locks him up for twelve hours on suspicion of being a London pickpocket. Or, as a still pleasanter *finale*, he meets, as he supposes, the lady of his affections, follows her to the public-house, of which she turns out to be the barmaid, and is immediately introduced in orderly succession to fifty-five male relations of his intended, who after amusing themselves with him for an hour or so, try to bully him into giving them a dinner, and failing, smash his hat, tear his coat in two, turn him out of doors, and chase him through the streets until he finds refuge within the friendly gates of the railway station.

In one of Miss Edgeworth's admirable tales—*L'Amie inconnue*—the plot hinges upon the devotion felt by a romantic young lady for an unknown friend, styling herself Araminta, who plies her with letters in a strain of poetical rhapsody to which she pens congenial replies. Carried away by the ardour of her attachment, Angelina Warwick at length takes flight from home, and after many adventures discovers her unknown friend Araminta in the shape of Miss Hodges, a masculine vulgar woman about to be married to a subdued-looking quaker, Nat Gazabo by name.

"But her voice is so loud," said Angelina to herself, "and her look so vulgar—and there is such a smell of brandy! How unlike the elegant delicacy I had expected in my unknown friend!" And Miss Warwick involuntarily shrank from the stifling embrace.

"You are overpowered, my Angelina—lean on me," said her Araminta.

So much for placing faith in letters as evidence of the manners and *morale* of persons whom we do not know and have never seen. The evidence may be better than nothing, but it is poor and untrustworthy as a clue to ascertaining the writer's claims to our confidence and our regard. But anonymous letters, though of little use as a criterion of the worth of the person who writes them, may sometimes, we think, convey a lesson or suggest a warning to the person who receives them. It is lawful to gather a hint even from our enemies; and it is just possible that truths worth our knowing may occasionally reach us even through the unsatisfactory and disreputable medium of an anonymous letter.

#### THE SUFFOLK MIDDLE CLASS SCHOOLS.

WE have all sorts of social opprobriums. It is in the body social as in the body personal. It is said that if any one of us were to concentrate his thoughts and attention on any

single organ—even on the last joint of the little finger—it would begin to tingle, and go on to smart, and by and by it would ache; and if we were steady or silly enough to keep on this introspection, we might doubtless get up a substantial disease in a limb merely by concentrating our thoughts upon it. So it seems to be a sort of accident in what region of the land or what station of life a social disorganization is discovered. We often make it by thinking about it. It is not unfrequently due to the accidental predilections or prejudices of the philanthropic student in moral pathology. We do not mean to say that all our social diseases are only due to stimulated imaginations; but their prominence often depends upon those who discover them. So it comes to pass that the authorities in social science often vary their especial grievance against society as it is. The social evil of the hour is changed according to circumstances. Now it is sewers, and now cottage accommodation. At one time we are told that we are all on the road to national ruin because we do not utilize the *excreta* of great towns; and if we would listen to Mr. Baptist Noel or to Miss E. Faithfull, it becomes a moot point whether society is at last on the brink of regeneration by offering tea and good advice to ladies of loose morals, or by reducing the average wages of the working classes by making as many handicraftswomen as handicraftsmen.

Thirty or forty years ago, Mechanics' Institutes and adult schools were to transform the existing generation; but, now that the schoolmaster has been so long abroad, he begins to discover that his proper work is the old-fashioned one with boys and girls. We have improved our large public schools; and we have, in spite, or by means of, even an Unrevised Code, done about as much as ever will be done, or perhaps ought to be done, with elementary education. In the Competitive Examinations we have shown what the high-pressure system can do towards making men unfit for practical life by a forced and unnatural stress on the mental powers in the hour of blossoming. Anyhow, for good or for evil, we have been tinkering and tampering with public school education, with elementary education, and with every sort of education but that of the lower middle class. The Universities, by the local Examinations, lately found out where our chief deficiency exists—viz., in middle class schools. It is admitted that here is the weakest place in our school system; but in the deep profound into which middle class education has settled, there is a lower depth. The private academy of the towns, bad as it is, is far ahead of the "commercial academy" of the country—just as the general medical practitioner of rural life is below the ordinary leech of towns. In either instance the reason is the same. There is no competition possible in the case of either the settled schoolmaster or apothecary in the fens or clays. The evils of private schools were first attempted to be cured by the establishment of proprietary schools, which have hitherto had that partial success which is only not complete failure. The proprietary schools have failed chiefly, as was once to be feared in the case of Cheltenham College, because the master was not only a nominee, but a servant, of an ignorant local proprietary. But in the London suburbs neither such success as that achieved in this instance, nor such public spirit as has happily detected the worm at the heart of the institution at Cheltenham, was to be expected. With the exception of proprietary schools, farmers and tradesmen have, till very lately, been educated by those sham schoolmasters whom the College of Preceptors are willing but unable to eradicate.

Efforts, and considerable ones, have been made to counteract an evil which scarcely requires to be pointed out. Mr. Woodard's well-known schools in Sussex are not only the largest but the most complete attempt to deal with the evil. The echoes of the great meeting at Oxford in November have scarcely died away when the surprising results are declared, that, owing to the energy of one person, three great public schools for the middle classes have been established in one English county. One of these is at Hurstpierpoint, where, for a payment not exceeding 2*l.* yearly, already 250 boys are educated; and there is also, in connexion with it, a Training College for Commercial Scholars. A school of a somewhat higher pitch, with larger numbers, is most successfully at work at Lancing; while at Shoreham the sons of small farmers and tradesmen whose annual income is not more than 150*l.* are educated for 13 guineas a-year. These are all public schools. They have neither a special aim nor are they designed for a single neighbourhood. In a purely agricultural district in North Devonshire, Mr. Brereton has, with Lord Fortescue's assistance, established a valuable school for farmers' sons, comprising both a boarding and day-school—the former at the cost of 26*l.*, the latter at the cost of 18*l.* per annum. With seventy pupils this school will be self-supporting. At several of our large towns excellent schools have been established for the middle classes, the immediate result of which has been to elevate the character of the old private schools. These signs of hope, though desultory and few at present, are of great value. They show that the evil had become intolerable; and though probably farmers will be about the last to recognize the educational deficiencies of their class, they will ultimately be found, or indeed have been already found, to admit, and to wish to improve, the wretched character of the schools to which they send their sons. A good authority, and one well experienced in commercial schools, traces their inefficiency to three principal causes:—1st. Want of skill and knowledge in the teachers. 2nd. Want of method and machinery in the school. 3rd. The influence and interference of ignorant and injudicious parents. What the commercial school in an agricultural district is, we may learn by the familiar advertisement in the county paper.

Proprietary schools have hitherto done but little to check the evil. The proprietors, the master, and the system are in a

state of chronic flux. The only change is from one inefficient master to another, and from a crisis of parental interference to a pecuniary break-down. We all know that at the great era of the Reformation the Edwardian and Elizabethan Grammar Schools were intended, and wisely, to anticipate an evil which from various causes they have been, however, powerless to prevent. With the collapse of proprietary schools, and the disappearance of grammar schools, the position, then, is nearly as bad as can be; yet there are already sufficient indications of an unquestionable and unfailing remedy for the evil. Mr. Woodard and Mr. Brereton have proved this. What is a success in Sussex and Devonshire is possible in every county in England. No small commercial school can compete with a large county agricultural school. It is only in a large school that the expenses can be kept down; it is only in a public school that the masters can act with independence; it is only in a school with many pupils that character can be thoroughly formed; it is only with highly educated masters that discipline and the right sort of intercourse with the boys can be kept up. A great movement similar to, but not identical with, Mr. Woodard's, has been begun in Suffolk—in that East Anglia which has been said to be the English *Bœotia*—for establishing agricultural schools of the first class and of the largest compass, the credit of which is mainly due to Sir Edward Kerrison. It is proposed to found, by way of memorial to the Prince Consort, a county school and college for the education of 1000 boys, to unite the various classes of farmers and tradesmen's sons together, with something like a training college to ensure an approach to a permanent and definite system of education. We do not see that any objection need be felt to commemorating the Prince Consort in this way. Apart from the consideration that the first Agricultural College, that at Cirencester—which, we may remark, is not a school at all—was founded under Prince Albert's patronage, we have no objection to local memorials taking a special and what is called a useful form. What we insisted upon was some one grand monumental commemoration of the Prince—something in which lavish expenditure upon purely decorative details should be the one "useful" thing. We said that, for this end, the most useful commemoration was a monumental one. We have got this—not in the form which we wished—but in a substantial form. When the great obelisk has been decided upon for London, what are called local memorials may be left to local discretion. We certainly do not say that, because we want one great monument in the Park, we want five hundred petty monuments all over the country. A writer in the *Builder* terrified us last week by calculating that, if Mr. Foley or Mr. McDowell were once paid for a good model, an Albert statue might be "got out" by "the electrotyping process" at, say, 250*l.*; and, as the writer congratulated himself, there was every reason to hope that all towns and most villages would be able in this way to supply themselves with an Albert Statue—all cast from the same mould. Albert Baths and Washhouses, and Albert Model Cottages, are at all events better than this.

At the meeting which was held at Ipswich to start this great Suffolk School as an Albert County Memorial, as much as 6000*l.* was subscribed in the room. The type of education proposed is that set by the Oxford Middle Class Examinations; and the elementary education, which is to be common to all the classes of boys in the school, is what will equally suit them whether intended for agricultural or commercial life. The special teaching will be that of the young farmers; for it is already a recognised necessity of successful agriculture that a farmer should be a man of some science. Chemistry, mensuration, and mechanics—that is to say, such practical knowledge as will enable a farmer to understand the construction of farm machinery, the nature and composition of soils and manures, and the science of draining—will be taught, and, in a school of a thousand boys well taught, and cheaply taught, at a price ranging between 20*l.* and 30*l.* per annum. Numbers alone can do this. We feel considerable interest in this Suffolk School, not only because the speeches delivered at the meeting were much in advance of the usual talk of the British squirearchy, but because what is done at Ipswich may be done in every county town in England. The reproach of England is that our middle-class education is about the worst in the whole world—and of middle-class education the schools in the agricultural districts are the very worst. Here is the true missing link—the one dropped stitch—the fatal gap in the hedge. In county schools, such as those projected by Sir Edward Kerrison, there seem to be combined just those elements upon which the successes of the old public schools were founded. Sufficient numbers to contrast and educate character—independence in the masters—a tolerably uniform social level among the boys—a local character and local associations—an *esprit du corps* in which both boys and masters must feel themselves parts of a system organized for them, with its principles settled and its traditions growing, which they have to administer and to conform their life to, not to speculate upon or to experiment with—these are essentials to a good school, and are impossible in a private academy.

#### FALSE PRETENCES.

At the Shrewsbury Assizes, a person named Bayley, described as a schoolmaster, was tried lately upon the charge of obtaining goods by false pretences. The goods obtained and partially consumed were a gallon of brandy, a gallon of gin, and a cask of Allsopp's ale. The false pretence alleged was that the prisoner had represented that he was carrying on "a classical, mathematical, and

commercial academy for young gentlemen" at "Salop House, Shiffnal." The facts proved at the trial were that he had surreptitiously got possession of a house in Church-street, Shiffnal, after agreeing with the landlord to take it, but before any written agreement had been executed; and when he sent to a dealer at Ironbridge the order for the ale and spirits, the house to which they were to be sent was wholly unsupplied with scholastic and other furniture—not containing, indeed, so much as a copy-book or a cane, nor was there even a promise of the accession of a single pupil. It is necessary to be precise in stating the legal ground upon which the jury found the prisoner guilty, because otherwise a case which fell within the law against obtaining goods by false pretences might not be easily distinguishable from other cases which do not fall within it. Now, in the first place, it is not a legal false pretence to give to a small tenement, of which the agreed rent is 22*l.* a year, the imposing title of "Salop House, Shiffnal." We all know that Do-the-boys Hall was not a hall, and yet Mr. Squeers incurred no penalty by using that designation in his prospectus. Then, again, the same eminent authority applied the epithet "classical" to his "academy" because it sounded well, although he did not begin to think of teaching Latin until he had engaged an usher of unusual qualifications. Further, it is the universal practice to call the pupils in commercial schools "young gentlemen," although their gentility may be as undiscoverable as their scholarship. In these respects, therefore, the prospectus which accompanied the order for ale and spirits embodied only the usual fictions of the scholastic trade, and the remainder of it was strictly true. The intended conductor of it, "Mr. J. H. R. Bayley, F.C.P., author of the *Drama of Life, Lyrical Breathings*, &c., and member of the Society of Arts, London," was actually proved in court to have written and published poems, and there is no reason to suppose that the other titles which he assumed did not belong to him. If all this be so, why, it may be asked, should the law lay its hand on Mr. Bayley? One is tempted to suspect that the jury who tried him may have allowed themselves, in spite of the judge's warning, to be carried away by sympathy—not, indeed, for the prisoner, but for brother tradesmen who supply goods upon a prospect of payment which turns out delusive. All that the prisoner had done was to request that the liquors might be forwarded to his residence "as per enclosed slip," and to send with the order the heading of his prospectus. The prosecutor, indeed, swore that he would not have parted with the goods but for the belief which the prisoner's letter created in his mind that he was then actually carrying on a school at Salop House. But perhaps it is not going too far to say—speaking a language which is widely used in trade—that the prisoner was "actually carrying on a school" at the time when he sent the order. He merely "discounted" the pupils whom he hoped to get; and surely commercial phraseology is applicable to a commercial school. Indeed, it may be plausibly contended that the announcement of an "academy conducted by Mr. Bayley" does not necessarily imply that Mr. Bayley has already got, but only that he hopes that he may get pupils. We should suppose that even the prosecutor called himself a "dealer in ale and spirits" on the day when he began business, and before he had sold a single gallon.

There were, however, many additional circumstances in the case which may have helped the jury in coming to their conclusion. It appeared that the prisoner was formerly in a respectable position, and had a large school at Wolverhampton, where he made an income of 700*l.* a year. The history of his decline of fortune was not given, but it may be suspected that the cause of it was his partiality for ale, gin, and brandy. He was first exhibited to the court as living in a lodging at Shiffnal, and occupying himself in sending out circulars announcing the proposed opening of Salop House Academy. Having, as we have already stated, entered into treaty for renting the future "Salop House," the prisoner managed to persuade the out-going tenant to give him the key, took possession of the premises, and immediately began to send out circulars and orders to tradesmen to deliver goods. He got possession on a Friday. On the Monday following the landlord came to look after his house, and found it "empty, with a large fire in a room upstairs, and some ale and spirits downstairs." With the help of the police, he ejected the prisoner and his confederate, whose hopes of seeing their young friends at Salop House on some day in the ensuing month were thus rudely disappointed. Some part of the ale and spirits which had been obtained from dealers had been re-sold by the prisoner, and it may be supposed that some other part of it had been consumed on the premises. On the person of the prisoner was found a pocket-book containing entries which showed that he was in utter destitution, and therefore, perhaps, disqualified for the further use of those commercial fictions which society expects to see supported by external respectability. The pocket-book disclosed that a scheme had been laid for obtaining goods. It noticed the speculator's arrival at Shiffnal "with a single bob," the agreement for taking "Salop House," and that all was working well. But soon there was a change for the worse. The confederate had got drunk; the "spec" looked bad; property left by the prisoner at lodgings where he failed to pay the rent had been all "boned;" and, finally, Salop House Academy was violently suppressed by the police.

It is not a satisfactory reflection that if Mr. Bayley, F.C.P., &c., being in other respects what he was, had contrived to keep his passion for ale and spirits under some control, he might have been at this moment at the head of a flourishing school in Wolverhampton, and in the enjoyment of a handsome income therefrom derived. Mr. Bayley sunk in poverty and vice was doubtless a



different person from Mr. Bayley conducting an academy for young gentlemen which yielded him a profit of 700*l.* a year. But even Mr. Bayley at his best does not seem to have been a person to whom one would willingly entrust either a commercial or any other sort of school. And yet it appears probable that he may be fairly taken as a sample of the class of men to whom the majority of shopkeepers commit the education of their sons. If he could have preserved a moderate degree of sobriety—only getting drunk, let us say, privately in the evenings—it is quite possible that Salop House Academy might have deserved the confidence of the townsmen of Shifnal quite as well as other academies which now enjoy it. The obtaining confidence by false pretences is a safer and therefore a more common practice than that of obtaining goods. If we look at the advertisements which appear daily in the newspapers, this practice would seem to be almost universal with the conductors of academies for young gentlemen. Here is one which offers education for respectable boys only at 24*l.* a year and no extras. The education is stated to be “first-class, sound, and thorough,” and the diet is “unlimited and the best.” Here is another at 16 guineas and no extras, which promises “kindest treatment,” and also “best food, without limit”—adding, with a touch of unusual skill, that boys who aspire to enjoy these advantages “must dress well.” Another advertiser offers, on “unusually advantageous terms,” which are not more particularly stated, “the highest intellectual advantages, combined with religious instruction, strict moral training, and liberal domestic comforts.” Another states his willingness to accept 20*l.* a year, without extras, in return for “diet unlimited and of the best description,” and an education comprising “Greek, Latin, German, French, mathematics, algebra, mapping, globes, and all the essentials of a first-rate commercial education.” We should suppose that, if a schoolmaster were to advertise that he fed his boys no better than he could afford at the price charged, and that he did not pretend to teach them Greek—first because he did not know any, and secondly because it would be of no use to them in keeping shop—the issuing of such an advertisement would at once destroy the oldest-established school in the most salubrious part of England. There are very few advertisers of either sex who venture to imitate the candour of that respectable widow who desired a situation where “much needlework or decided piety” was not required. And yet, as the ordinary form of a prospectus must necessarily be discredited by the recent history of “Salop House, Shifnal,” it really might be found worth while to try the effect of honesty by discarding every kind of false pretence and offering no more varieties of instruction and no larger quantities of food than it was known to be practicable to supply. The only excuse that can be suggested for the prevailing system of puffing these commercial schools is that the conductors of them must inevitably become, through constant practice, qualified to give instruction in that essential branch of a first-rate commercial education—the composition and use of puffing advertisements of all kinds of goods. It is possible that even the prosecutor in the Shifnal case, unless he be gifted with a modesty rare among his craft, could have supplied the prisoner with some circular ascribing to his own ales and spirits virtues almost as imaginary as the classical and mathematical courses of Salop House Academy. It is a happy piece of irony by which the *Times* arranges its advertisements so that the dealers in “choice port” and “pale bitter ale” take their turn almost immediately after the commercial schoolmasters. The promise of “good health, good looks, and prolonged life” to the drinkers of a certain ale must be intended to meet the eyes of the same class of readers—whoever they may be—who are capable of believing that “the kindest treatment” and “the best food without limit,” as well as education, can be secured by parents to their sons by payment of sixteen guineas per head annually, without asking questions. There must be somewhere such a class of readers, for surely a universal system of false pretences which deceived nobody would be felt to be commercially a mistake.

#### THE KEAN TESTIMONIAL.

ALTHOUGH we may be said to live in an age of testimonials, the circumstances attending the recent presentation of the “Kean Testimonial” are sufficiently remarkable to give it as distinctive a character as if it had taken place fifty years ago, when the art of measuring intellectual and moral desert by a silver standard was yet in its infancy. These are the facts of the case. Some few years ago, several Etonians, who had dwelt with Mr. Kean under the shade of the distant spires and antique towers, bethought themselves that their old schoolfellow had done sufficient good service in the cause of the national drama to merit a public and substantial acknowledgment. They therefore formed themselves into a committee, and invited the general public to join them in two schemes for doing honour to the leading tragedian. He was to be entertained with a banquet, and presented with a testimonial. The banquet was given nearly three years since, under the presidency of the Duke of Newcastle, and His Grace and Mr. Gladstone were the chief orators on the occasion. About the same time, the subscriptions to the testimonial commenced, and they continued till enough was raised for the production of a service of plate, valued, in round numbers, at 2000*l.*, and consisting of nine pieces, in oxydized silver—viz., a large vase, two large candelabra, four dessert dishes, and two ornamental groups, designed and modelled by Mr. Armstead, and manufactured by Messrs. Hunt and Roskill. The several patterns of these works

all refer more or less to Shakspeare, as associated with Mr. Charles Kean. The body of the vase is surrounded with groups taken from all the Shakspearian plays which were brought out as grand “revivals” at the Princess’s Theatre, with the exception of two—the *Tempest* and *Midsummer Night’s Dream*—which furnish the subjects of the two separate ornamental pieces. On the neck of the vase are medallion portraits of the Queens Elizabeth and Victoria, the sovereigns under whom the poet and the tragedian respectively flourished. At its foot are medallion portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Kean, supported by Peas-Blossom and the rest of the *Midsummer Fairies*; and on three sides of its pedestal, the fourth being occupied by the inscription, are views of Eton College. The plays which, though performed at the Princess’s, were not presented in style sufficiently grand to obtain for them the distinctive name of “revivals,” furnish groups for the pedestals of the four dessert stands, and no flowers are introduced as subordinate ornaments which have not been the theme of Elizabethan song. Thus, if ever these superb works are exhibited at a dinner given in the approved Russian style, the guests, during the frequent intervals between the courses, will have their minds wholly occupied with thoughts of Shakspeare and Kean, blended, as it were, in a number of compound images, scarcely divisible into their two original elements.

And here we may observe that this fusion of Shakspeare and Kean is by no means an empty compliment, but records a positive fact of the last ten years. Elizabethan poetry is now more accurately studied by professed men of letters than at any preceding period; and the revival of such texts of Shakspeare’s works as would have been received with applause fifty years ago, would now raise a storm of indignation. A Lear restored to his senses, an Edgar the devoted lover of Cordelia, a Miranda with a pert sister, if now presented, would seem simply abominable; and if the precise nature of the sin were not manifest to the audience at a single sitting, there is not a penny newspaper that would not enlighten the public within twelve hours as to the wrong they had endured as men and Englishmen by the mud wickedly flung on the plumage of the Swan of Avon. However, there is no doubt that fifty years ago, though the people of London would put up with a be-Drydened, a be-Cibbered, and a be-Tated Shakspeare, and perhaps were aware of the existence of no other, the opinion that a Shakspeare of some sort was indispensable for the theatrical recreation of True Britons was much more general among them than among their successors of the present day. If the picture of a gentleman who called Shakspeare “slow” were drawn with top-boots or Hessians, we should instinctively declare the costume to be incorrect. Shakspeare, after he had once been brought into vogue by Garrick, was as necessary to the British stage as a plum pudding to Christmas. At the present day, no doubt, a great deal of adulteration interferes with the purity of our national Christmas dish; but every body has his pudding—good, bad, or indifferent. Now, if the time ever arrives when only a select few bespeak a plum pudding, while the majority prefer an *omelette aux confitures*, we shall scarcely call that time the age of plum puddings, even if those consumed are made without exception of the choicest materials.

In Clerkenwell, something like the old veneration for Shakspeare has been revived and maintained by Mr. Phelps; but if we turn to central London, we may say that, as far as theatres are concerned, this is the reverse of a Shakspearian age. With all his unquestioned merits, the performance by Mr. Fechter of the principal personages in *Hamlet* and *Othello* has only created a transient interest, which at last gives way to a wish that he would henceforth confine himself to those plays of the modern French school in which he is altogether without a rival. For the last ten years, the desire to see Shakspeare on the London stage has been virtually an admiration of Mr. Kean, either as an actor or a manager. Whether, of the crowds who filled the Princess’s Theatre, the greater number went to see Mr. Kean himself or his scenery, is a question of small importance when we estimate his merits in reviving the popularity of Shakspeare. The characters, no less than the voice and gestures, represented the inner man; and whether Mr. Kean dwells most in memory as the originator and conductor of the “revivals” at the Princess’s, or as the “starring” actor at Drury Lane, altogether unaided by accessories, he and Shakspeare must remain inseparably blended together in the stage history of the last ten years. The designers of the testimonial, intending perhaps to pay a flattering compliment, record an indisputable fact.

So much for the testimonial itself as a work of art, and the idea which it embodies. On Saturday last, the presentation took place in the hall where the banquet had been held in 1859, and the Duke of Newcastle, who had then officiated as chairman, had promised to preside again. However, at the eleventh hour, which in this case was one o’clock in the afternoon, notice arrived that he had been suddenly summoned to Windsor, and the office of presentation was undertaken, almost at a minute’s notice, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The ceremony, which commenced after two o’clock, scarcely lasted till three, and only two speeches were spoken. Mr. Gladstone commented on the importance of the stage in general, and pointed out the high deserts of Mr. Kean in using for purposes of elevation and instruction only, an agent of such indisputable power. Mr. Kean replied with expressions of gratitude, with pathetic references to Eton and to Gray, and with a graceful allusion to the pleasure which would be derived by Mrs. Kean from the extraordinary honour paid to her husband. The speeches were in the best taste. There was repeated applause, and here and there a little weeping, and the assembly broke up with cheers after the good old fashion. Moreover, the testimonial, which was placed in the front of the Orchestra (where the ceremony took place), was a grand spectacle for the gentlemen

who occupied the body of the hall, and the ladies who adorned the gallery.

As we have already said, there are circumstances attending this very simple ceremony which altogether distinguish it from others of apparently the same kind. Let it be observed, in the first place, that the proposal to honour our leading tragedian with a memorial proceeds from gentlemen who have been educated at the most exclusively aristocratic school in England, where, more than in any other, prejudices of caste would seem likely to be cultivated, and that these declare, in the face of the public, that they are proud to own for a schoolfellow an actor who has done good service in his vocation. Let it be observed, in the second place, that the Etonians who are most conspicuous in the demonstration do not belong to that section of the aristocracy which takes an avowed interest in theatrical affairs generally, and usually supplies with chairmen the public meetings organized to promote the various interests of the stage. Had one of the well-known patrons of the drama taken the chair on the presentation of the Kean memorial, the world might fairly have remarked that the obliging act merely represented the predilection of a particular individual, and in no manner typified an expression of general opinion. But probably, with the exception of professed "saints," the last persons in England who would be named in connexion with theatres or anything belonging to them would be the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Gladstone. Indeed, the latter took occasion to state, in the course of his speech, that his political duties scarcely ever allowed him to witness a play at all. Headed by men of this description, the ceremony of Saturday and the banquet of 1859 amount to an assertion, on the part of the intellect of the country, that the stage is to be ranked among the important institutions of a nation, and that those who worthily superintend it merit the respectful gratitude of their fellow-citizens.

## REVIEWS.

### DYER'S MODERN EUROPE.\*

MR. DYER has undertaken to write an improved *Russell's Modern Europe*. He sets forth in his preface the deficiencies of that too well known work; and he remarks further, that even if it had been executed as well as it might have been for its date—which it is not—our knowledge of European history has so greatly increased since the time of its compilation, that it requires to be superseded by something fresher and more accurate. The demerits of Russell are rightly stated by Mr. Dyer; but we doubt whether he has sufficiently considered the fundamental defect of the book which is at once his beacon and his model. That defect seems to us to be its utter lifelessness and dullness; and it is a defect not easily separable from its plan. An ordinary writer undertook to grasp a subject of overwhelming vastness, and naturally sunk under a task far beyond his powers. To comprehend, arrange, and recount such a history as that of the States of Europe since the fall of Constantinople manifestly requires powers of the very highest order. Where these powers are wanting, we get no true history, but a flat level sequence of facts, which have neither meaning nor proportion between themselves. There is not room for the life and particular interest given by the details and passions of the history of a separate nation; and there is not genius to catch the larger and grander outlines of the general subject, and to exhibit its wider and more comprehensive connections and results. This is at least the case with that driest of all books on a great theme, *Russell's Modern Europe*. And the manifest and inherent difficulties of the undertaking ought to be a warning to all who adopt Dr. Russell's plan.

Mr. Dyer's book is an undoubted improvement on his predecessor. He has more knowledge, to begin with. He gives himself more space, and throws more life into his descriptions. There is a greater attempt to arrange the divisions of his work so as to throw light on the progress and unfolding of events. But he has failed to reconcile us to the kind of compilation of which his book is a specimen. We will not deny the use of such a work as a book of reference. It is convenient to have brought together in a couple of volumes the chief heads of what was going on in different quarters of Europe during two centuries. But Mr. Dyer means his work, not as a book of reference, but as a book to be read. And in this point of view, as it is not a book of the highest order, it turns out almost of necessity a tiresome and not very profitable one. A history of the last four centuries, written as Gibbon might have written it, with Gibbon's learning, Gibbon's insight, and Gibbon's power of telling the story, might perhaps throw even the *Decline and Fall* into a second rank. But it is a history too vast for any but an historian of Gibbon's order; and treated by feeble hands we find it insipid and bewildering reading. The scene changes so often and so greatly; and the writer has not the power to engrave each scene, as it is passing, with any force upon our minds. Before he has impressed upon us the real character of a period, a person, an event, it is time to move on to something else, which effaces what was for so short a time before us, to be itself effaced by what follows. And, again, it is very difficult for a writer who

draws up such a history to speak except from second-hand. Mr. Dyer, we doubt not, has consulted some of the most recent standard books on the different events of which he writes. But this is by no means the same thing as going back to the original materials. Ranke may be a very important authority; but taking our view of some transaction from Ranke's judgment of it is a very different thing from taking it straight from the writers or documents which Ranke relies upon. Yet, in a book like Mr. Dyer's, it is absolutely impossible that there can be much original research and examination; and it follows almost necessarily that there is often that slovenly and uncritical manner of describing, and that vague, superficial, and commonplace style of criticism about his estimate of men and things, which are almost inseparable from a history which does not draw from the very sources themselves.

Thus, he opens with an account of the early Ottoman institutions. He gives in a note a list of authorities, and proceeds to relate the deeds and institutions of the Ottoman patriarchs, the progress of their power, and the organization of the Ottoman army. But he does not breathe a word of there being any uncertainty and obscurity about these accounts. The ordinary reader might suppose that the exploits of Ertoghrl and the legislation of Orchan and Alaeddin were as well ascertained as the Norman Conquest or the proceedings of the Long Parliament; whereas no one can follow Von Hammer's narrative, and weigh what he tells us of the evidence for the early Ottoman history, without seeing the loose and doubtful nature of the early Ottoman traditions, and the necessity of looking upon them as little better than legends, embodying, in hardly ascertainable proportions, the historical truth. Mr. Dyer's positive statements hardly represent the real state of our knowledge:—

Orchan and his brother it was (he says) who promulgated the canonical precepts which, as occasions arose, served as supplements to the original forms of the Mahometan constitution and government, so rigidly prescribed by the Koran, by the Sonna, and traditionary law, and by the decisions of the four great Imams or arch-fathers.

It might be supposed from this passage—which is adapted from Von Hammer, but which in Von Hammer does not say what Mr. Dyer says—that a body of canonical precepts of Orchan's and Alaeddin's promulgation was to be found among the Turkish archives; and that the Turks of Orchan, an unlettered predatory tribe, were accustomed and obedient to all the refinements of Mahometan law—a supposition than which, as far as we have any knowledge, nothing can be more unhistorical.

Among the rights of Islam sovereignty established by the Koran (he continues) those of the Princes to coin money, and to have his name mentioned in the public prayers on Friday, occupy the first place.

These prerogatives are doubtless marks of independent sovereignty among Mahomedans; but it is a mere inaccurate periphrasis to say that they are "established by the Koran." There is no inaccuracy, but there is a loose and misleading way of describing what occurred when Mr. Dyer tells us that—

Orchan's name was inserted in the public prayers; but for a considerable time the Ottoman princes were prayed for only as temporal sovereigns, and it was not till after the conquest of Egypt, 1517, that they became the spiritual heads of Islam.

A reader might be led by this way of putting it to suppose that it was rather singular that they should be prayed for only "as temporal princes," and that it was quite a natural thing, the delay of which needs to be accounted for—instead of being, as it is, one of the strangest and most remarkable revolutions in the history of Islam—that the descendants of the Turk Othman should be the spiritual inheritors of the Arabian Prophet.

Mr. Dyer's account of the organization of the Turkish army is in the same loose way. He tells us that it was the work of Alaeddin; but he proceeds to describe it under names and distinctions which came into existence long after Alaeddin's time, without telling us what the period is to which especially his description applies. He does not tell us from what authority he has taken his account. He tells about *Spahis of the Porte*, and their arms and ornaments, of the *Muteferrik* or special body-guard of the Sultan, of "*Chiaus*," about four hundred in number, who were employed more as messengers and attendants upon embassies than as soldiers," as if all the authorities gave exactly the same names and accounts, and it was as clearly understood what all these titles meant as those of any ordinary European history. A glance into any of the books on Turkish history and institutions will show what variety and confusion are to be found in descriptions of the old Ottoman military and court system. Mr. Dyer does not always explain, when the propriety of explanation was obvious. He tells us in one page that Alaeddin was the founder of the corps of the Janissaries. In another page, he informs us that "the Turkish foot had been tried and found wanting, and their commander (?) Kara Chahil Tchendereli, threw his eyes on the Christian subjects of his master," and instituted the Janissaries. As Mr. Dyer had mentioned in a note that the date of the institution of the Janissaries was variously fixed, it would hardly have been disrespectful to the ordinary reader's knowledge to presume that he might not know enough of the Turks of the period to be able to reconcile the two statements, and might require to be told that Tchendereli and Alaeddin served the same master Orchan. But while there is in Mr. Dyer's narrative all this fulness of sometimes loose and doubtful detail, the really characteristic features of the early Ottoman story—the poetical colour given to its traditions, the religious enthusiasm of the

\* *The History of Modern Europe from the Fall of Constantinople in 1453 to the War in the Crimea in 1857.* By Thomas Henry Dyer. In 4 volumes. Murray, 1862.



conquering tribe, its singular genius for moulding to its purposes foreign instruments, Christian apostates and tribute children, and the strange monastic austerity which originally marked the institute of the Janissaries—are certainly not adequately presented to the reader.

A work of this kind involves great labour; for Mr. Dyer has obviously read with much attention the various separate histories on which he relies for his information. But the labour, we think, would have been more profitably employed on a narrower field—on the history of a single nation or a separate period. Such a book as this can never take the place of the books from which it is compiled. The student, unless he is a very superficial one, must, after all, seek his knowledge of the affairs of France and Germany in the professed historians of France and Germany. On the other hand, if the object aimed at is to articulate the various portions of European history into a connected whole, it is not a bare recital of facts, but the interpretation of them, which is needed. As far as we have been able to judge, Mr. Dyer has done his work with more care and judgment than his predecessors. But it is not work which is really useful in helping forward a true historical knowledge. The student who has already read thoroughly and at leisure may find it convenient to have such an abridgment and conspectus of his subject at hand for easy reference. But a reader who should think that he was going to learn the history of Europe from a book of this kind would greatly deceive himself. He might, if he had a good memory, acquire a rich store of names and events, treaties and battles, epochs and crises; but he would have hurried over the ground too rapidly to have observed the men or mastered the real nature of the things described. He would merely have carried off a series of hazy outlines and washed out or coarsely daubed characters, all portrayed in the same flat undiscriminating style; and he would, in all probability, have also unfortunately formed the impression that such dry and sapless generalities, unanimated by any life, and unaccompanied by any of those distinctions which mark nature and reality, constitute historical knowledge.

#### CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.\*

"WHOEVER," says the translator of this work in the preface, "likes to come out into the fresh air of a fine day in spring, when all is fragrant, blooming, and promising, will enjoy reading this, the reflection of a youthful soul full of noble tendencies and earnest aspirations." Possibly it may be ignorance of Russian that makes the pleasure actually experienced fall short of the hopes held out, but certainly, so far as the translation goes, we much prefer the ordinary spring morning. Count Tolstoi does not come near it. Nor is it, as it appears to us, anything more than a figure of speech to say that this little volume reflects a youthful soul of noble tendencies and earnest aspirations. It is at the best a very thin narration of the early life of an affectionate and sensitive boy placed under such circumstances as must be very common in his class and country. To us in England it may be some little amusement to know how a Russian nobleman brings up his children, and this adds to the faint interest the book would otherwise excite. Count Tolstoi is also highly praised by the few Russians whose voices are heard in Western Europe, and we naturally wish to know what a creditable Russian is like. But the translator, although possessing a very fair command of the English language, knows very little of English tastes, or of the English standard of taste, when she announces to us that Count Tolstoi reveals himself to us as a poet and a philosopher. There is nothing to blame in the book. The incidents recorded are very trivial, and therefore, probably, true, and the whole production is insipid, unless we force an interest in it by reminding ourselves that it is improving to know how Russians write. But as a record of childhood it has its merits. It is not sickly or pretentious. Its merits are, however, mostly negative, and few compositions have less claim to philosophy. Perhaps, in the original, the language may be poetical, and there is an amiable tenderness of character shown in the childish history recorded, but that is the end of the poetry. The translator, as a matter of business, is quite right to try to make the public look through her spectacles at the book on which she has bestowed her labour. But not all the big sentiments that ever filled the biggest mind of a German translator can put poetry and philosophy in an original where they do not exist, and *Childhood and Youth* is at most a pleasing story of childhood, with the accidental advantage of teaching us a few foreign customs.

If a poet is to be poetical about his childhood at all, or a philosopher to philosophize about early affections, one would think it natural that the special subject to draw them out would be the tale of their first love. We take this instance, therefore, as a favourable one, and as calculated, if any, to produce on us the impression that we are gathering violets and primroses on a fine April morning. This is how the story is told. The author and his brother Woloda and his sister Lubotshka were playing together, and with them also played the heroine Katenka, aged thirteen. Lubotshka, during the game, tore away a leaf with a caterpillar on it, threw it with horror to the ground, lifted her

hands, and "sprang aside as though afraid she would be splashed by it." Then the group examined the little beast on the ground, and began to torture it with the amiable ingenuity of childhood. Katenka tried to lift the caterpillar by means of another leaf, which she put in its way, and this brought on the crisis of the story. For the little girl, finding her clothes inclined to slip down, hoisted them up with her shoulder. Little Russians, however, are apparently cautioned against the process. "I remember that Mimi used to become angry at this manoeuvre, and to say it was a chambermaid's trick." Katenka, in spite of the warning, adopted the simple expedient, and thereby awoke young love in the breast of a poet.

Bending over the worm, Katenka now made this very movement, and, at the same instant, the wind lifted the handkerchief from her white neck. Her shoulder was just then close to my lips. I looked at it and kissed it. She did not turn round, and Woloda, without raising his head, said contemptuously, "What tenderness!"

I felt the tears rushing to my eyes. I could not turn my looks from Katenka. I had long been accustomed to her fresh, fair face, and had always loved her; but now I looked at her with increased attention and loved her still more dearly.

This is simple and natural. It is like the love of children—like their curiously sensitive and yet physical affection. If a man is to record at all how, when he was a little boy, he felt when looking at a caterpillar with a little girl, it is much better that he should tell us what really happened than that he should invent a faded counterpart of maturer love in order to make us think how forward he was. But at the same time nothing can be more bald than the manner in which the little incident is narrated. The odour of the fine spring morning we were promised does not seem to come particularly near it.

This is said to be a true history of Count Tolstoi's childhood, and the people introduced into it are real people. We are unable to say whether there is any disguise of names; but whether there is or not, it must be obvious to all Count Tolstoi's circle who is meant. As he is still a young man, most of those mentioned as companions of his childhood must be living. We are glad to find people in Russia are so patient, and can endure to hear plain unvarnished opinions on their physical and mental defects given to the world. We hope, for example, that the family of Prince Kornakoff is pleased with this May-morning effusion. In one part of the volume we meet with the following candid criticism:—"In the hall I found the Princess Kornakoff with a son and an almost incredible number of daughters. They had all the same face, just like the mother, and were very ugly; not one of them arrested my attention. Taking off their cloaks and boas, they talked at once with their voices, busying themselves, and laughing at something—probably that there were so many of them." These ladies must now peruse this flattering description of their young beauty with a lively wish that they had not met what then seemed a harmless boy, but now proves to have been a poet and philosopher gushing as dewy May. The son does not come off much better. "Etienne was a boy of fifteen, tall, plump, with a meagre face, hollow bluish eyes, and for his age hideously large hands and feet. He was awkward, had a disagreeable and nervous voice, but seemed highly pleased with himself, and was, according to my ideas, just like what a boy would be who was habitually beaten with a rod." It is said that we should all be astonished if we could see ourselves as our friends see us, and now Etienne will have the pleasure of this surprise. No good-natured friend could be more candid. Nor is the account of Etienne's subsequent behaviour much more to his credit, although perhaps he did nothing more than every Russian boy is accustomed to do to his serfs. The most curious part of the narrative consists in the revelations it gives of the attitude assumed by Russians to their inferiors. It only needs a very little scratching for the Tartar to appear in this respect beneath the sham skin. At the same time the serfs are represented as venturing on a tone of familiarity mixed with cringing, which is not unlike the affectionate insolence of the model "nigger." Etienne had amused himself by making away with or losing Philip, the coachman's, whip, and so the footman was sent to ask where it was, and then the following dialogue ensued:—

"Your highness," said a footman, entering the hall, "Philip asks where you deigned to put the whip?"

"How, where I put it? I gave it to him."

"He says that you didn't."

"Well, I laid it on the lantern."

"Philip says you did not lay it on the lantern, and you had better say that you took it and tore it to pieces, and now Philip may answer for your pranks out of his own pocket," continued, in a more and more excited manner, the angry footman, who had the look of a serious and honest man, and seemed determined to sift the affair in defence of Philip.

From a feeling of delicacy I pretended not to remark anything, and turned aside, but the footmen present drew nearer and gazed with approbation at the old servant.

"Hem! well—I did tear it to pieces," replied Etienne, shrinking from further explanation; "I shall pay him for the whip—that's ridiculous," added he, approaching me and drawing me towards the drawing-room.

"No, excuse me, sir, how will you pay for it? I know the manner in which you are wont to pay;—to Maria Walericana you have already owed twenty kopecks these eight months—to me also something for two years—to Peter!"

"Be silent! will you?" screamed the young prince, becoming pale with rage; "I shall tell all this."

"Tell all this, tell all this!" repeated the footman, "it is not fair, your

\* *Childhood and Youth. A Tale.* By Count Nicola Tolstoi. Translated from the Russian by Malwida von Meysenbug. London: Bell & Dalby. 1862.

highness," added he with a particular stress, whilst we entered the saloon, and he went with the ladies' wraps to the cloak-room.

"That's right," exclaimed some approving voice behind us in the hall.

This approving voice came from grandmamma, who thought it right to administer a sharp rebuke to the wayward young Etienne, and to do this effectually she freely availed herself of a secret art which she had at her command. "Grandmamma had a peculiar talent in employing, with a certain tone, in certain cases, the pronoun of the second person plural and singular, in such a manner as to express her opinion of people." This time, however, the engine of moral correction would not work. She let it off, but it did not hit. She addressed him with a "you" that, on principle, ought to have crushed him. "But Etienne was evidently not a boy of this sort of composition; he not only paid no attention to the reception of grandmamma, but none even to her person in general." It is the worst of those stupid strong boys with hollow bluish eyes and hideously large feet that they never know when they are sat upon.

Count Tolstoi seems to have been very fortunate in his mother, and her death was the great sorrow of his childhood. He relates, with his usual honesty, what passed in his mind at the time, and is easily able, with the experience of later life, to detect the insincerity which mingles so largely even with the sincerest grief of the young, and from which no grief is, perhaps, wholly exempt. That is, no grief, or scarcely any, is what in imagination we picture grief to be. It is liable to be distracted. Passing events demand a passing attention, and if a theory denies this, and an attempt is made to have a grief that is wholly absorbing, there is doubtless what may be called insincerity. There are, however, traits in the character of others which it is better not to analyse; and it appears to us by no means desirable that sons should publish to the world the shortcomings they may perceive in the demeanour or conduct of their parents on solemn occasions. Count Tolstoi tells us that his father was, in his opinion, too theatrical on the occasion of his mother's funeral. The bereaved husband did all that was proper, and that Russian customs enjoined; but he rather overdid it. "Papa stood at the head of the coffin—he was white like snow, and only with an effort kept back his tears; his tall figure, in a black dress-coat, the pale expressive face, and, as usual, the graceful assured manners when he made the sign of the cross, inclined himself, touching the floor with his hand, took the candle from the hands of the priest or went to the coffin—all was exceedingly effective: but I don't know why, I did not like in him the being capable of showing himself effective at this moment." In another passage he expresses himself more fully about his father, and tells us that, in spite of his being a model of deportment, he was addicted to many very serious weaknesses. We do not like this. It makes no difference whether a writer is a Russian, or a German, or an Englishman—whether he is or is not like a spring morning, or what may be his noble tendencies. He is not, we think, justified in telling his family history in this way, and in probing the failings of parents in order that he may have the satisfaction of sketching his own childhood. It is no excuse to say that, unless he puts in the dark shades, the picture cannot be truthful. There is no reason why he should draw the picture at all. The world can get on very well without criticisms written by a son on the behaviour of his father at his mother's funeral. It would destroy all family confidence if we were all of us liable to be sacrificed in this way to the exigencies of literary art; and if this is the style in which sons who are like spring mornings write, most fathers would devoutly wish their own offspring should be like autumn evenings.

#### POEMS BY A PAINTER.\*

IT was said by Johnson that claret is the drink for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes. Not having a very large acquaintance among heroes, we cannot venture to decide whether or not this last clause is founded on fact; but the former part is at least as true of the poetical as of the vinous tastes of ordinary mortals. Shelley and Keats may be held to represent the claret, and Wordsworth the port, of the poetical cellar; and perhaps we ought to insert Tennyson between the two, under the type of Burgundy. The Painter who has given this little volume to the world seems to have gone through all these phases in a marked and orderly way, and at each stage of his career he has produced some poems imbued with the spirit then predominant. If these samples of various consecutive vintages had been mere *vin ordinaire*, we should have left them unnoticed among the quantity of similar stuff, weak in flavour and devoid of body, which every year brings into the market. But they are at once too good and too bad for such treatment. Specific charges of plagiarism are very easy to make, and hard either to prove or disprove; and therefore we abstain from dwelling on the many coincidences of thought and expression between various pieces in this volume and poems by other writers, and content ourselves with observing, what the author himself would probably never think of denying, that the several influences of Keats, Wordsworth, and Tennyson, are conspicuously seen in three different sections of his poems. And yet the author is no ordinary plagiarist. His verses consist of something more than mere words strung together after the manner of

some true poet. There is a groundwork of original views of life and tolerably vigorous thought, which the author does not seem to owe to any of his models, and which alone constitutes his claim to any attention. We cannot, however, say that his views or modes of thought are particularly commendable, or worth much to the world. One has, of course, no right to speculate on the private history of an anonymous writer; but, if the saying is true, that a man must be nearly cured of his griefs before he can put them into verse, we should be inclined to congratulate the author on misfortunes which did not trouble him long, and supplied him with poetical capital for ever after. But whether the grief and despondency have been real or not, they colour a large proportion of these poems. Life is a burden—happiness is a delusion, and hope a mockery—this is the substance of one piece after another. And yet the author knows and can write better when he pleases, as more than one of these poems testifies; but then the gloomy and misanthropic portions are too numerous to be omitted from a small volume, so the false views of life are left, scattered throughout the book, to be contradicted as chance may direct. And with all this evidence that the author thinks a poet not bound to be particular about principles, provided a volume can be got together, we find him assuming a moral and intellectual superiority to the world around him, like the would-be geniuses who disregard the conventional restraints of society.

It may seem a strange accusation to bring against a writer of the present day that his tone and sentiments are often even offensively heathen, but it is nevertheless one to which the Painter has rendered himself liable. Classical mythology may supply fitting subjects for modern poetry in one of two ways. Either it furnishes an opportunity for word-painting—for descriptions of scenery and natural beauties—such as Mr. Kingsley has given us in his *Andromeda*, and the Painter in a pretty piece entitled *Ariadne*. Or, again, classical stories, like any others, may be used for depicting some conflict of emotions or principles—for giving expression to some feeling or passion. Tennyson's *Æneid* and *Lotos-eaters* are admirable specimens of mythology thus used; but it is easy to see how subordinate the classical and heathen element is in such poems to the general expression of feelings common to humanity at all times. The poem called *Syrinx*, in this volume, perhaps ought to be reckoned as one of this class, though it is too similar in style and treatment to Keats's *Hyperion* to deserve much notice. Pan, by the way, who in the original story is a mere brute, goes through the rehabilitating process now in fashion, and appears sentimentally weeping over his loss, but omitting to acknowledge that his own selfish passion was alone in fault. Mere amatory verses, adorned, or disfigured, with mythological allusions, are, one would have thought, utterly obsolete, buried two or three strata of poetry deep. But, no—the Painter treats us to a hymn to Aphrodite in the old style, which, if it were only good enough, Anacreon might have written, and not an ordinary Christian of the nineteenth century. But something even worse remains behind. There is a poem called *Circe*, which deliberately represents the brute life of mere animal enjoyment, offered by that lady to her votaries, as the right one for a man to seek after. Of course we cannot suppose that the author is so mad as to believe all this himself; therefore it is the more inexcusable that he should preach it. As a mere matter of taste, if on no other grounds, such sentiments are too repugnant to the spirit of Western civilization and of Christianity to be endurable.

Metaphors and comparisons are, we suppose, or are considered to be, necessary to poetry; and since a long succession of writers, good and bad, have, for 3000 years—to begin no earlier than Homer—been ransacking all heaven and earth for convenient metaphors, we can hardly complain because the poets of the present day find it difficult to provide new ones. But we humbly suggest that an illustration is not necessarily bad because it is old, and that, at any rate, it is both cheaper and more satisfactory to their readers, if poets, devoid of the peculiar faculty of catching points of similarity between things at first sight very different, will content themselves with the old weapons which have been tried and found serviceable in many poetical campaigns. It may perhaps be said that no inconsiderable part of the true poetical spirit consists in this power of deriving comparisons and new forms of old thoughts from objects too familiar or too little akin to the subject readily to suggest the same ideas to unpoetic minds. But, without attempting to pass a judgment on this question, we may at least be allowed to remark that the most hackneyed servants of successive generations of poets are better than new metaphors that are false in fact, and new illustrations that lack point. The true flowers of poetry do not grow under every hedge; and the unskilful hunter after these rare and precious plants, if he fails to find them, will do better by contenting himself with flowers already cut and dried than by gathering, in ignorant complacency, the noxious weeds of the hedgerow. Few poets of the present day are sinless in this respect. We should be sorry to assert very decidedly the absolute innocence even of Mr. Tennyson, for in doubtful cases such things must be left to the individual reader's taste; but, though many worse offenders may be found, the Painter with whom we are at present dealing is a bold and not infrequent sinner. Seraphs' plumes, we submit, are not the right instruments wherewith to sweep a lyre, unless they are pulled out and manufactured into something of the plectrum kind. Jasmine, as a matter of fact, does not yearn after anything, nor grow pale during the process; and no poetical end

\* *Poems by a Painter*. William Blackwood and Sons. Edinburgh and London.



can be answered by stating that it does so, except filling up a rhyme. Ripples in the water bear no sort of resemblance to stars, at least to ordinary eyes, though the Painter is so strongly of the contrary opinion that he repeats the comparison three or four times. And as to a few minor mysteries, such as the exact nature of an azure swoon, the process by which any one comes to be lapt in a dome, the precise vintage of a grape of tenderness, the manner in which tears produce jaundice, and the like, we respectfully commend them to the admirers of *Poems by a Painter*, with a request for explanation. Even where he has begun better, the Painter has a tendency to break down into metaphors of the unintelligible order—one instance of which, even after all that have gone before, we cannot forbear to notice, since it is perhaps the greatest puzzle in the whole book. Having taken up the not very new, but always safe and forcible, comparison of time to a river, he naturally conducts this river into the ocean of eternity,

Within whose tideless deeps  
The kraken-mystery sleeps,

but fails to give the least hint of what he means by the kraken. This grandfather of all sea-serpents is far too formidable a monster to be allowed thus quietly to lie in wait for us at the entrance of a short poem on things in general.

If it were not for the evidence of some of these poems, which clearly show an acquaintance not only with mythology, but also, to some extent at least, with the classics, we should be inclined to attribute many metrical defects in them to ignorance of prosody, which is, of course, better learned from the metrical scanning of Greek and Latin verse than from the accentual rhythm of English. The author seems to know no difference between the trochaic seven-syllable line and the common octo-syllable; and rapid anapestic lines and feet are inserted recklessly among ordinary iambic lines of eight or ten syllables. False rhymes also are allowed to remain, or are avoided by committing even worse errors—by introducing obsolete forms of words, or needless adjectives; and one pretty song, perhaps the best in the volume, is spoiled by the appearance of the meaningless word *Aden*, the rhyme compelling, where the context demanded *Eden*. And words of strange and uncouth sound frequently occur—not only unauthorized forms of known words, such as “*emerant*” and “*eiry*,” but also others which may, for all we know, be recognized in some country dialect, but are absolutely unknown to literary English.

Having found so much to criticize and to disapprove in this volume, we have the greater satisfaction in calling attention to those poems which, being free from the prevailing faults, allow the author's powers to show themselves favourably. *Ariadne*, of which we have before made mention, is a good specimen of a not very high class of poetry. It consists of a series of word-pictures, well and vividly sketched, and free from any infringement of the picturesque nature of the scenes portrayed. *Through the Waters*, which is a monody spoken out at sea by a man who has recently known a great sorrow, would rank high, both for thought and expression, if *Maud* and *Locksley Hall* had never been written. But the best pieces are among the least pretentious; the subjects seem to suit the author's taste, though it would be hard to mark any distinction between these and other slight pieces in which he has not succeeded so well. Had he confined himself to these only, we might have been inclined to regret that he had written nothing longer and more sustained. As it is, we see only another instance to which the celebrated saying of Tacitus is applicable—“*omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset.*” We conclude by extracting half of a little song which is rather a favourable specimen of the author's rhythmic powers, and which seems eminently well suited for music:—

With the sunshine, and the swallows, and the flowers,  
She is coming, my beloved, o'er the sea!  
And I sit alone and count the weary hours,  
Till she cometh in her beauty back to me;  
And my heart will not be quiet,  
But in a “purple riot”  
Keeps ever madly beating  
At the thought of that sweet meeting,  
When she cometh with the summer o'er the sea,  
All the sweetness of the South  
On the roses of her mouth,  
All the fervour of its skies  
In her gentle Northern eyes,  
As she cometh, my beloved, home to me.

#### HAIGHT'S ANGLO-SAXON CONQUEST AND ANGLO-SAXON SAGAS.\*

MR. HAIGHT appears to belong to the unfortunate class of people who have read more than is good for them. It is not a very large class, and it is a class with which we have every disposition to deal tenderly. They are generally people who are thoroughly honest and well disposed—men who have

worked with conscientious care within a narrow range of subjects, and who give the results of their studies to the world with a single-minded wish to increase the world's stock of knowledge. As regards the men themselves, they are separated by a wide gap indeed from those presumptuous blunders against whom we have always declared war to the knife. In the class of men we speak of, there is no use of the paste and scissors, no veiling of ignorance under big words or false brilliancy, no purloining of references from better writers, no false boasts of acquaintance with writers of whom they really know nothing. The class of which Mr. Haigh is the type is the very antipodes of the class of which Dr. Doran is the type. All is real as far as it goes—there is nothing written for show, for momentary effect, or for momentary sale. Students of Mr. Haigh's sort have much in common with the class of local antiquaries—a class most useful as long as they keep in their own place, most distressing whenever they get out of it. The respectable old gentleman, commonly a local clergyman or a local lawyer, who knows all about some one town or county, and nothing about any other, fills a most useful place in the economy of things so long as he does not aspire to go beyond his own range. He can supply the more general antiquary, or the historian himself, with many facts which are really worth a good deal, but which the historian himself can hardly get at without more trouble than they are worth. But he becomes a bore, and worse than a bore, when he sets up for an historian or an etymologist on his own account. Mr. Haigh, and writers of his class, represent a much higher type of what is essentially the same character. He has read a great deal within a narrow compass, and apparently nothing beyond that compass. What he has read he has evidently read with the most minute and conscientious care; he has searched for matter in very out-of-the-way places; he has gone everywhere to original (or what he takes for original) writers; he seems even to have ransacked libraries and collected manuscripts for himself. It is impossible that the results of the labours of such a man can be wholly useless. They must at least supply facts, suggest hints, point out sources of information, which cannot fail to be valuable to those who come after. All this Mr. Haigh's books may undoubtedly do. But Mr. Haigh doubtless expects to do something very much more. He evidently aims at making a substantial and permanent contribution to history. In this hope we fear he must be disappointed. Looked at in this point of view, Mr. Haigh's labours are worse than useless. We can hardly suppose that they are likely to produce any great effect; but, if they do produce any effect, it must be an effect for evil, and not for good.

What, then, is it that is wanting to Mr. Haigh, and to the whole class of which Mr. Haigh is a very favourable specimen? It is not good intention; it is not honesty; it is not care. All these good qualities they have in abundance. The thing lacking is judgment, critical power, that historic faculty which seems indeed to be a natural gift, but which can be duly strengthened and disciplined only by the constant habit of looking at history as a whole. A man may spend his whole life in conscientious working at historical details, and yet may never get beyond the accumulation of facts which may be useful to others. This is just what Mr. Haigh has done. He has worked with the most praiseworthy diligence at a very small portion of history, but he has no notion of history as a whole. He has no idea that history and mythology are sciences. In dealing with the sort of subject which Mr. Haigh has undertaken, a thorough grasp of comparative mythology is a thing primarily needed. He is dealing with one of the border lands of history and fable. Here, above all periods, the distinctive historic faculty is needed. It is quite another matter from dealing with a purely political history. In writing political history, a lawyer's habit of dealing with evidence, a statesman's practical familiarity with the doings of men and of nations, may often go a long way to supply the want of special historic study. The statesman and the lawyer are used to do with living people what the historian is used to do with dead people. If they turn their minds to history, they will, to say the very least, be able to give the historian most valuable hints; if they err, it will mostly be from ignorance of particular facts. But a half-mythical history, like that undertaken by Mr. Haigh, needs more than any other the peculiar historic power. No man can understand the mythic age of any one nation without comparing it with the mythic ages of other nations. A man may labour at Teutonic antiquity for ever, and he will make very poor work of it unless he brings a thorough knowledge of Greek antiquity to bear on his studies. So, in return, Teutonic antiquity is equally needed to illustrate Greek antiquity. We say Greek and Teutonic, as being the mythologies and mythic histories which are the most attractive and most accessible; but of course the more kindred systems we can compare together the better. Mr. Grote's chapters on mythical narrative form as good a preface to English history as they do to Grecian history. So far as we hold their principle to be sound, so far it is equally sound for one and for the other. If we think that its application is carried out rather too unsparingly in detail, we should ask for grace in the same sort of cases in the one system as in the other. The two throw light on one another. The two together illustrate certain phenomena of the human mind, certain apparent laws of historic progress, which cannot be found out from the study of one only. Now we have no means of testing Mr. Haigh's Greek scholarship. He may very likely be a thoroughly accurate and elegant scholar of the old-fashioned type; but he has made no scientific use of Greek

\* *The Conquest of Britain by the Saxons, &c.* By Daniel H. Haigh. London: J. R. Smith. 1861.

\* *The Anglo-Saxon Sagas, &c.* A sequel to the *History of the Conquest of Britain by the Saxons.* By Daniel H. Haigh. London: J. R. Smith. 1861.

cure facsimiles of the *prima manu* works of our greatest English master of ideal landscape.

As we turn over these photographs in succession, it is impossible not to be struck with the matchless beauty of their composition. The life-like foliage, the perfect relation of the several parts of the picture, the exquisite distance, and the consummate treatment of sky and clouds, will impress every intelligent observer. And this in spite of the gloom and sternness of many of the landscapes—of a certain indistinctness of outline, which, however true to nature, at least in northern climes, is opposed to all the traditions of vulgar landscape painting—and, above all, in spite of the atrocious figure-drawing which deforms the foreground of so many of these productions. If Mr. Ruskin has spoken in exaggerated terms of Turner's *Liber Studiorum*, at least he has done good service in pointing out its characteristic excellence. Few will forget his summing up in the last volume of the *Modern Painters*—pitched in too high a key, perhaps, but yet highly suggestive, and the result evidently of long and patient study. He tells us there that ruin, and twilight, and decay are the favourite subjects of Turner's pencil. "Wherever he looked he saw ruin." "Turner only momentarily dwells on anything else than ruin." And he continues—"Take up the *Liber Studiorum*, and observe how this feeling of decay and humiliation gives solemnity to all its simplest subjects; even to his view of daily labour. I have marked its tendency in examining the design of the 'Mill and Lock,' but observe its continuance through the book. There is no exultation in thriving city, or mart, or in happy rural toil, or harvest gathering. Only the grinding at the mill, and patient striving with hard conditions of life." In this strain Mr. Ruskin discourses of the Mill and Lock, the Hedging and Ditching, the Water Mill, and other subjects which are not included in the present series of photographs. In the Peat-Bog he calls attention to its "cold dark rain and dangerous labour." And he continues—"Such is his view of human labour. Of human pride see what records. Morpeth Tower, roofless and black; gate of old Winchelsea wall, the flock of sheep driven round it, not through it; and Rievaulx choir, and Kirkstall crypt; and Dunstanborough, wan above the sea; and Chepstow, with arrowy light through traceried windows; and Lindisfarne, with failing height of wasted shaft and wall; and last and sweetest, Raglan, in utter solitude, amidst the wild wood of its own pleasure; the tower shrouded with ivy, and the forest roots choked with undergrowth, and the brook languid amidst lilies and sedges. . . . Such are the lessons of the *Liber Studiorum*. Silent always with a bitter silence, disdaining to tell his meaning, when he saw there was no ear to receive it, Turner only indicated this purpose by slight words of contemptuous anger, when he heard of any one's trying to obtain this or the other separate subject as more beautiful than the rest. 'What is the use of them,' he said, 'but together?' The meaning of the entire book was symbolized in the frontispiece, which he engraved with his own hand: Tyre at Sunset, with the Rape of Europa, indicating the symbolism of the decay of Europe by that of Tyre, its beauty passing away with terror and judgment (Europa being the mother of Minos and Rhadamanthus)."

The idea of attributing this last recondite symbolism to the unlettered painter will provoke a smile, and few will deny that this whole passage is exaggerated, and often contrary to the fact. However, there is no doubt that the tone and sentiment of the landscapes in the *Liber Studiorum* is sombre and often forbidding in the extreme. Indeed, few of them are attractive at first sight. But their depth of meaning grows upon the mind as they are studied; and it is one of the most fascinating of tasks to try to fathom their boundless perspective. Herein they differ from all common landscape painting. They are in one sense inexhaustible. The only limit to their meaning is the imaginative power of the observer. A less skilful landscape painter presents to the spectator nothing beyond the actualities which his own eye has noticed and his own pencil has depicted. But Turner's drawings of sky and distance are almost as suggestive and as illimitable as nature itself. Herein, we need not say, consists their almost unrivalled excellence. Our young landscapists cannot meditate on these fine photographic studies without profit. Many, indeed, may be led away, like the great painter himself in his later days, to mistake obscurity for depth, and to forget the necessary limits of his art; but some at least may learn the true secret of ideal landscape. The *Liber Studiorum*, if properly understood, may well teach a painter, both by warning and by example, not to attempt impossibilities, but to aim at the just *via media* of conventionalism in the portraiture of nature.

To speak, however, of this remarkable series more in detail. Of the thirty pictures photographed in the present collection, the first is the "Morpeth," already referred to in our extract from Mr. Ruskin. It is a masterly drawing, admirably grouped. But the ruined keep, though the key to the pictorial *ordonnance* of the subject, is scarcely more conspicuous than the busy masons who are pointing the frightfully staring new house in the very foreground. Here, to begin with, Mr. Ruskin's moral interpretation of this picture is inexact. The lights and shadows in this photograph are truly exquisite; but on a near inspection—which, by the way, ought never to be permitted—the figures are mere caricatures. "The River Wye" is charmingly picturesque—the castellated ruins rising dark on the densely-wooded bank against the bright sky beyond, with the river below and cattle in the foreground. Next comes "Greenwich Hospital,"—a subject which has

called out the highest cunning of the great artist. Never has that noble view of the Thames and the distant city from the Observatory, with the twin domes of the Hospital in the foreground, been rendered at once more truthfully and more poetically. A passing cloud throws one of these domes into shadow, with magical effect of contrast. In the "Martello Towers, Bexhill," we have an almost audacious contrast between the white cliff and the dark thundercloud above. In this plate the marvellous drawing of the storm-clouds is the main feature—the chalk cliff seeming to us, if we may dare to say so, not quite true to nature. "Rievaulx Abbey" is a less pleasing picture, though full of beauties. The accurate architectural drawing of the ruins on the left hand may be compared with the effective but sketchy delineation of the sunlit arcade in the farther distance. "Winchelsea" is charming for the level distance of the marshes seen on the right from the wooded hill on which that most curious decayed town is planted. There cannot be imagined a more beautiful vision of hill scenery under the most poetical play of light than the wonderful drawing of "Hindhead Hill;" but it may be taken as a good example of the manner in which Turner "improved" his subject. Fine as Hindhead Hill is in form, and capable as it is in the hand of a master of almost any amount of poetical interpretation, yet the actual scene can never be glorified like this. Such splendid mountain scenery as is imaged in this imaginative picture is not to be found in the south of England. In "Norham Castle" the effect of the Wye scene, noticed above, is reproduced with greater tenderness, and with a calmer sky. "Holy Island Cathedral" is a solemn perspective of ruined architecture—in which, however, scientific accuracy has been sacrificed, pardonably, to artistic effect. But this license is not to be grudged to a master's hand. The view of "Dunstanburgh Castle" is inimitable in its way—a wild beach in the foreground, a dark cliff in the middle distance, and above it the ruined keep and long-drawn walls bleached in the sunlight. We have next a mountain stream in the "Near Blair Atholl." The water, which is rather indicated than drawn, with consummate subtlety of touch, dashing into light over a natural wear as it flows out of a dark glen overshadowed with trees. The distant hill to the right, between the tall stems of some trees, is given with marvellous delicacy and beauty and truth of form. The "Scotch Peat-Bog" is a scene of the most weird desolation, but seems to us to lose some of its impressiveness from its manifest exaggeration both of hills and of sky. Still it is a wonderful conception and still more wonderful feat of the pencil. It is almost impossible to fathom the depth of the painter's meaning in this powerful work. "Inverary Castle" is the next photograph—a noble scene, most poetically treated, in which, however, the sky is perhaps too lowering. The two bent and wind-stripped trees on the left hand arrest the eye at once by their singular fitness; they are drawn with the most masterly simplicity. A brig is running into port, and the distant town sleeps in light beyond the darkened sea at the end of the bay. The next proof gives the "Bridge in middle distance." Mark the boundless sweep of level plain and faint hills beyond—the whole seen through a foreground of trees. It may be doubted whether any landscape painter has ever equalled the skill of this drawing, either in what is expressed, or still more, in what is left for the imagination to supply. Next we have the "Clyde," a masterly combination of rock and foliage and falling water; and "Flint Castle," a perfect representation of that flat part of the Welsh coast, animated by busy scenes of sea life. "St. Catherine's Hill, Guildford," is almost too much idealized. "Thun," and the "Lake of Thun," are wonderful Swiss scenes, the latter only less astonishing—for its glimpses of distant mountains—than the "Mount St. Gothard;" while "The Alps from Chamberi to Grenoble" is a splendid failure—failing, however, for no other reason than that the adequate representation of that panorama on paper is beyond human power. The "Devil's Bridge, Altdorf," with its fearful ravine spanned by the slender arch and fringed by blasted pines, is one of the best known of the series; in contrast with which the view of "Bonneville, Savoy," is comparatively gentle and *riant*. The so-called "Solitude," and "Hindoo Devotion," and "The Well of Samaria," are, each in its own way, remarkable as specimens of another class of ideal landscape. Turner's attempts at Eastern scenery, however, instructive though they may be, seem to want local truth. Next the "Pastoral Scene," and the "Tambourine Player," may be described as exquisite bits of imaginary Italian landscape, the former of them more than equalling the loveliest of Claude's sunny visions. There remain the "Tenth Plague of Egypt" and the "Jason," both of them full of originality and power, but, from the nature of the subjects, scarcely within the province of art. The single mysterious fold of the gigantic serpent in the latter design, which is all that is to be seen of it, is exceedingly impressive. To conclude, we must declare our conviction that a greater boon to the real lovers of art has seldom been offered than in this noble series of photographic copies. We heartily wish that every beginner in landscape painting might have these invaluable drawings before his eyes for constant reference and study. It is hardly possible to imagine a greater pleasure than to set oneself the task of thoroughly examining one of these profound works so as to enter into the painter's full meaning. The whole set may be fairly said to exhaust among them the capabilities of pictorial art as applied to the representation of outward nature in all its forms.



## PARIS MYSTÉRIEUX.\*

BETWEEN the increase of railways and the march of intellect, there is great reason for fearing that the historians of gossip, as a race, are dying out. Those fine old mammoth letters which our grandfathers used to write, and in which they imperishably recorded their own pettier follies, are only to be found fossil now. The temptation, or the stern compulsion, to the inditing of such toilsome compositions exists no longer. In those days, if people did not write to each other lengthily and frequently, they forgot each other, grew asunder into separate interests and occupations, and the friendship withered away. But a voluminous correspondence was, after all, a very artificial method of keeping alive a claim to a portion of your friend's thoughts. The frequent meetings which railways have placed within the power almost of the poorest, are worth a ton of letters. But, though friendship gains, the inquisitiveness of posterity suffers. Gossip is no longer embalmed for their benefit. The winged words to which it is committed pass over the dinner-table, and after a short sojourn in the servants'-hall disappear for ever. Diaries, too, are said to be out of fashion now. Such chroniclers as Pepys or Tallemant des Réaux have long been extinct. The self-respect, and the reserve, and the unsleeping self-consciousness that belong to our advanced civilization, have exterminated them; and it is believed that the historians of the future will hunt in vain even for such more reticent diarists as Boswell and Madame D'Arbly.

In this condition of things, the *feuilletoniste* acquires a position which the literary critic cannot afford to despise. He will be certainly the best, and often the only, resource of the future historian when writing his chapter upon the "Manners of the Nineteenth Century." It will be unfortunate for the latter that his authority will give him no help in respect of England; for he is an article of French production which even the commercial treaty has not yet imported into our markets. Probably, as we regard our own comfort a good deal more than the information of our descendants, he will continue to be proscribed; but he will be a loss to our posterity, nevertheless. The book we have before us is an excellent specimen of the kind. It is higher both in point of talent and in point of taste than many of its compeers; and it will abundantly convince any English reader that the future has lost much, and existing society has gained still more, by the fact that there is no Manè attached to any English journal.

*Paris Mystérieux* is a collection of a number of letters upon Parisian gossip published in the *feuilleton* of the *Indépendance Belge*. This paper is undoubtedly the first journal in Belgium, and, in the present enslaved state of the French press, may be said to be the best existing specimen of journalism in the French language. The character of its *feuilleton* is therefore a matter of some interest, as a sample of the style of composition which is most acceptable to the bettermost classes of a polite and luxurious capital. In point of liveliness, Manè leaves nothing to be desired. He is brilliant, epigrammatic, full of anecdote, and fertile of resource in inventing gossip when the season is too dull to furnish it spontaneously. But what strikes a reader most is the utter absence of the conventional reticence which journalists in England impose so rigorously upon themselves. In one sense, the press in Belgium seems to be far freer than with us. There is a department of thought and action upon which the English journalist is scrupulously prohibited from treading, into which the Belgian rushes without scruple in mere gaiety of heart. If an English public writer were so far to forget his position as to print the gossip he might hear in society concerning the private lives of individuals, public feeling would repress his license with a very stern hand. A diminished circulation would warn him more effectively than any censorship to shun the forbidden ground. But the *feuilleton* of the great Belgian newspaper is more than half composed of matter which it would be a slur on any English newspaper to insert. The great topic of interest is the doings of the *demi-monde*. The writer has his favourites and his antipathies—gives to the one all the celebrity he can, and tells all the pungent anecdotes he can think of concerning the conquests of the other—chronicles their quarrels, their successes, their adventures. Into this department of his story we have naturally a difficulty in following him. But he does not confine himself to subjects which, in more senses than one, may be said to be public property. Of every one who is placed on any sort of pedestal, however lowly, he has gossip to retail. When the Prefect of the Seine gives a ball, professedly private, his daughters are sketched with almost as little reserve as if the scene were in America. Manè would never be guilty of describing an English ambassadress as "doing the chemistry herself;" but, vulgarity apart, he is just as familiar. Prince Poniatowsky gives a dinner at which Manè professes to have been present; and the dinner and the guests are described accordingly for the benefit of his Belgian readers. A comic actor of considerable repute dies; upon which Manè gives a comic account of his death, and informs his readers that it was due to too free a use of alcohol. M. de Polignac marries the daughter of the since unfortunate M. Mirès; whereupon the Belgian public are favoured with a minute description of the bridegroom's past life, and of the conditions under which M. Mirès consented to the marriage. Several other marriages are treated with similar freedom. One of the descriptions is such an exquisite specimen

of a Frenchman's views on matrimony, that it deserves to be quoted:—

The richest of all our Parisian men of letters, M. Paul Auguez, was to have been married yesterday, at the Church of the Madeleine, with a young woman who brings him as a dowry an elevated soul, and the lofty virtues which she has already displayed in a former union. By the death of his mother he inherited about a year ago a couple of millions (francs). His house, situated in the *Avenue de l'Impératrice*, is sumptuous; his liveries are dazzling; he is able to parade in a beautiful carriage with eight springs, driven by a masterpiece of a coachman, who you would say had been fattened for the purpose. With, and in spite of all this, M. Paul Auguez has chosen to marry as a man of feeling and a poet rather than as a millionaire. *C'est noble!*

In the same spirit he describes the fallen fortunes of another poet whom he names, who came to Paris rich, and is now poor, and yet, in spite of his fall, is still asked out to dinner. Lamartine naturally meets with no mercy from this pitiless, yet good-humoured exhibitor; and a regular bulletin is given of the movements and occupations of the two Dumas. With the same liberality of spirit, the public is informed touching the orphan whom Count Kouchelleff has adopted, the houses which M. de Morny has bought, and the contempt with which Rossini talks of Italian independence, so long as he can have his wine good and his dinner hot. The beauty of the Marquise de Casanova, which is described, Manè regrets to say is not what it was. A somewhat *gaillarde* conversation, which he attributes to a lady of rank in the Faubourg St. Germain, is presumably an invention of his own. He does not even spare his own profession, but gives an amusing description of how the various editors danced and behaved themselves at a ball given in a Parisian café. Nearly the whole of one of his letters is given up to the task of trying to lift the mask of a brother, or rather a sister, *feuilletoniste* who had created some sensation in the *Constitutionnel*.

Of course the wonder is, not that people should be found to write or to read this edifying chronicle, but that it should have found its way into the columns of the *Indépendance Belge*. For this is not the case of an enslaved press, forbidden to enlarge on politics, and forced to substitute this trash in its place. The *Indépendance Belge* is as free as the *Times*. But the *Times* could not find room for such matters, even if the taste of its readers would permit their introduction. One is forced to conclude that the interest of Belgian readers in politics or literature is very lukewarm indeed. For the *feuilleton* does not creep in, in a humble corner, as a stop gap to supply the lack of worthier matter. It is the marrow of the paper—its chief support and principal title to consideration. How far Manè may have aided the circulation of the *Indépendance Belge* we cannot say; but he himself tells us that the contributions of Eugene Sue to the *feuilleton* of the *Constitutionnel* raised its sale from 6,000 to 30,000 copies. This was under the Orleans dynasty, when the French press was as free to devote its space to political discussion as the press of England. Manè explains the phenomenon, as well as the eagerness of all the newspapers, above all things, to secure the services of a first-rate novelist, in a manner so flattering to his own craft that it may be open to suspicion. His view is that it is the lady of every house who always selects the newspaper, and that the *feuilleton* is the only part which the ladies care to read. We must presume, therefore, that it is principally with a view to female reading that he collected so many racy anecdotes touching actresses and Aspasias. Perhaps it is fortunate that in England the jurisdiction of the newspaper is essentially a masculine attribute. This feminine devotion to journalism may, however, throw some light upon an advertisement which our author copies from a French paper, and to which it might be hard to find a parallel. It is the advertisement of a M. Protin, who advertises himself as an *entrepreneur des mariages*, and closes his announcement thus:—

M. Protin, ayant parmi sa clientèle un grand nombre de partis de fortune secondaire, va profiter de la saison de l'été pour les satisfaire. A l'avenir il désire se restreindre à des mariages d'une position et des fortunes supérieures.

The "great number" who belong to M. Protin's *clientèle*, whether of superior or secondary fortune, would no doubt be a class of persons very willing to forgive the intrusiveness and familiarity of Manè's gossip.

## TEN DAYS IN ATHENS.\*

THIS little work is a great triumph for the art of bookmaking. It professes to be an account of ten days spent in Athens, with notes by the way; but as the history of the ten days in Athens occupies something less than half the entire volume, the title is evidently more an *ad captandum* title than a fair statement of the real contents. The book is divided, on principles of the author's own devising, into ten chapters, and a perusal of the synopsis of any one of the ten will give a fair idea of the method in which the contents are strung together. The eighth chapter, for instance, holds out the following inviting bill of fare to the reader:—

Leave Athens—Greek Steamers—Syra—Cythera—Navarino—Decadence of the Turks—Corfu—Pantaleone—The Oak—The People—Agriculture—Paper Hunt—Ulysses's Ship—Passports—Night—Ancona—Rimini—Country and Peasantry—Cesera—Forli—Drive to Florence—Florence—The Exhibition—Florence by Moonlight—The Campanile.

\* *Ten Days in Athens, with Notes by the Way, in the Summer of 1861.* By Dr. Corrigan, Physician-in-Ordinary to the Queen, President of the Royal College of Physicians in Ireland, &c. Longmans: 1862.

\* *Paris Mystérieux.* Par Manè. Paris: Denta.

If these items are occasionally mysterious, the author may fairly plead the example of the gifted composer of a literal bill of fare. Foreign titles will, on the *omne ignotum* principle, successfully disguise the identity of the commonest delicacies, and every now and then the patriotic palate is encouraged by the prospect of some well-known dish like "The Exhibition," or "A Paper Hunt." The author of the *Ten Days* has gone to school to some purpose, and does his instructor in the art of bookmaking considerable credit. He has expanded the journal of his twenty-eight days of travel into some 227 pages, and has contrived to give just as little real information regarding Athens, and just as much desultory information regarding his views of things in general, as might reasonably be expected. The art of bookmaking is developing rapidly; its professors are multiplying with every summer and long vacation; but as its principles are perhaps not yet understood as widely as they deserve to be, we have thought it right to demonstrate, by a fair analysis of this volume, in what manner a gentleman of Dr. Corrigan's scientific reputation can undertake to instruct as well as amuse his readers by an account of ten days spent in Athens. In the first place, it is quite clear that the title of the book must be an alluring one. It will not do to spend ten days anywhere and write an account of them. A journal of ten or even of eleven days spent in the Channel Islands, for instance, will not be sufficiently attractive. Any gentleman of moderate means and leisure can resort to those islands and eat the lotus for ten days for himself without imagining he has done anything extraordinary. The first condition, therefore, is to select a region of adequate distance and attractions in which to spend the ten days. A happy thought suggests Athens and its environs as likely to fulfil this condition, and accordingly Athens is selected. It is true that some may think Athens and its environs have been already exhausted. Dr. Wordsworth's book may seem to have left little to be said by his successors. But then it is only a limited circle of readers to which that volume proves attractive, and the bookmaker addresses a wider and a totally different sort of audience. Given, then, Athens as a satisfactory goal of the bookmaker's journey, the two next conditions to be complied with are that Athens shall not be reached too soon, and that it shall not be lingered in too long. If the author reaches it too soon, how are the 227 pages to be filled up? If he lingers in it too long, what is he to say about it? By hypothesis, everything he says has been said already; and after one has been presented to the Queen and been favourably received, and has attended a few conversaziones, which are probably not unlike conversaziones in the author's own country, there seems little more to do. It only remains to leave Athens as soon as possible, to reach England by a reasonably long *détour*, and to conclude with a graceful benediction on the submissive reader. In order, then, not to reach Athens too soon, it is well to linger over the journey thither. Let us say that we start from Ireland. The journey from Ireland to London will naturally consist of a passage by sea and a few hours spent on the railroad. Both these points have an intrinsic importance of their own. The former may be an unfavourable or a favourable passage, and the traveller may be a victim to the usual *mal de mer* or not. Perhaps the first contingency is the most desirable on the whole, as affording an opportunity for discussing the laws of sea-sickness, and criticizing the various remedies that have been from time to time suggested. Again, the journey by railway gives an opening for balancing the comparative advantages of speed and comfort in travelling, and if the train shakes more than usual the imaginative intellect is guided to a review of the late contest between Messrs. Sayers and Heenan. By following out this method of writing, it is clear that Athens can be reached at the proper moment to a page. As soon as the book is ready for it, one arrives there. The danger of reaching it too soon can be averted at any time by a discussion of the best mode of combating mosquitoes at Marseilles, or by a description of an intervening gale. The danger of reaching it too late can be guarded against by methods which it is unnecessary to particularize. On reaching Athens, there are the usual lions to be visited. The traveller visits them in order, taking tea with some hospitable inhabitant on his return. He details the conversation which takes place on such occasions, or else omits it, according to the exigency of the pages, being careful of course, in either case, to devise high major premises for his conduct. If the play threaten to prove of only four acts instead of five, he contrives an act by inserting, let us say, an imaginative *résumé* of the battle of Marathon, or a *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory of the Romaika dance. Finally, he hurries from Athens directly the prompter whispers that it is time to go. It will be seen that it is not difficult to write a book of this description. Of course a more ambitious writer will vary these principles at his discretion; but a traveller without ambition may become a literary lion on the above method with comparatively little labour.

It is possible, however, to do all these things well or to do them ill. The art may be successfully concealed, or the disguise may be transparent. Even if the principles on the whole be carefully observed, the details may be unable to bear criticism. It would perhaps have been better if Dr. Corrigan had confined the notes of his journal to a circle of private readers, and had forborne to tempt the more critical public to a perusal. Writers of travels do not always seem aware of the appearance which their volumes present. Either an author returns from Rome and publishes the results of his visit in letters which affect to date from Rome itself, when the internal evidence of their English birth is irresistible; or he goes to Athens and presents to public perusal a diary whose whole complexion suggests the advisability of merely private circulation.

Authors themselves are proverbially unsafe judges of the nature and value of their publications; but if an author's friends are not to come to his assistance and supply the shortcomings of his critical faculty, for what purpose are an author's friends intended?

Judging from the internal evidence of this book, Dr. Corrigan is in some respects a happy man. Not only is he in many matters of opinion an optimist, but he must have been unusually fortunate in his life. He tells us that he has never yet met with a stupid woman. He has discovered that the wives of professional men spare their husbands the discussion of professional subjects in the privacy of the domestic *salle à manger*. He has learned that free trade is the invariable sequel of the abolition of passports. Experience has taught him that it will add to the pleasure and gratification of the female mind to know "that there are such rocks as granite and limestone, such natural families of plants as ferns and roses, and their differences, and such gases as oxygen and carbonic acid, as well as the difference between a square, circle, and triangle." Reflection has convinced him that the Athenians are probably right in their mode of pronouncing the names of their native places. He is happy in being able to "improve himself" by a visit to a hospital as well as by conversations with various members of society, although an unusually high standard of morals forbids him to allow his readers the chance of similar "improvement" by mentioning the particular subjects which improved him. He is patriotic enough to delight in the humours of an Irish fair, and even to deplore their unaccountable absence from the convivialities of a fête in Salamis. He is enabled to set antiquarians right as to the comparative advantages of the Greek, Roman, and Norman helmets, though, in his excursus on Marathon, he appears to think that the first of these coverings defended the whole of the human body with the exception of the eyes. He is scandalized because the young men in Greece do not assist the young women in filling their water-jars and placing them on their heads, and because the young men and young women dance separately instead of dancing together. And if he has never witnessed or joined in a paper-hunt before leaving his native country, fortune enables him to supply that deficiency in Corfu, and he generously undertakes to improve the reader in his turn by an elaborate description of that un-English amusement.

If Dr. Corrigan is fortunate, however, in matters connected with modern facts and society, he is not equally fortunate when he invades the past. From the summit of Mount Pentelicus he is enraptured with a view of the field of Marathon, "and while he gazes upon it, memory calls up again, at history's bidding, the combatants of more than 2000 years ago." It is not an irrelevant question to ask whose memory it was that performed this exercise, and we must take leave to express our regret in this particular case that history ever gave the order in question. The following Hugh Miller-like vision of the battle is the result of the joint performances of history and memory. After depicting the brilliant array of the Persians, and the uninviting appearance of the Greeks, the author betakes himself to facts. He states, with much regard to truth, the absence from the field of any artillery, muskets, or clouds of smoke. He describes the Persians as "all in wild career," while among the Athenians was "no wild career, no cries of enthusiasm, but silence deep as death, as with firm defiance and steady measured tread they close upon that host." Dr. Corrigan's view of the battle of Marathon differs from that of other authors. The *prægn* described by Mr. Grote as marking the Athenian advance can hardly be what Dr. Corrigan means by the "silence deep as death." Herodotus may very probably have been mistaken, but, as a matter of fact, he describes the Persian troops as stationary, and the Greeks as charging at a rapid pace. He even lays an especial stress upon the latter fact as having occurred in this particular battle for the first time. Again, our author says of the Athenian centre that "for a while it seemed to give way, but again it rallied." The view of the Greek historian was that the centre was broken through, and actually pursued for some distance, but that the wings on either flank, proving superior to the Persian troops opposed to them, and presently converging, overlapped and destroyed the victorious Persian centre. If Herodotus, however, had not been right, probably Dr. Corrigan might have been; and if he might have been, perhaps he was. This is a mode of argument which must be eminently satisfactory to our author, for it is one which he has invented himself:—

There was quite an exciting controversy on board as to whether Xerxes did or did not sit on that particular rock; but as he might have sat there, if he liked, as well as anywhere else, and as he certainly could have seen his fleet in the Gulf of Salamis from this rock, it is just as probable he might have sat there; and if he might have sat or stood there, perhaps he did; and so let it be.

On the whole, the matter of this book does not convey much information of value, nor does the language always comply with the usual requirements of grammar. Where it is most likely to be of interest to the future traveller is where the author describes the exact points of the compass from which he himself found the Athenian temples appearing to the greatest advantage. Had he been equally circumstantial in other matters, he would perhaps have had a claim on our gratitude. As it is, the volume hardly seems adapted for very extensive circulation. The record of one particular day in the author's diary is an unfortunately adequate account of it—"Thursday, Sept. 19th.—Rambling about."



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Full Size.	Fiddle.	Thread.	King's.	Lily.
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12 Table Spoons .....	1 7 0	2 14 0	2 10 0	2 14 0
12 Dessert Forks .....	1 7 0	2 14 0	2 10 0	2 14 0
12 Dessert Spoons .....	1 10 0	2 14 0	2 10 0	2 14 0
12 Tea Spoons .....	0 10 6	1 4 0	1 4 0	1 8 0

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£330,000 Cash advanced on Debentures.

£122,140 Cash advanced on security of Policies.

The Annual Income exceeds £400,000.

Policies effected in the current year 1862 will be entitled to additions on payment of the Annual Premium due in 1863; and in the order to be made for Retroactive Additions in 1870, or entitled to the benefit of order retroactively with every other Policy then existing—in respect of the Annual Premiums paid thereon in the years 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, or on seven payments; and in 1880 a further retroactive addition will be rated on seventeen Annual Payments, and so on.

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No extra premium is charged for service in any Volunteer Corps within the United Kingdom, during peace or war.

A weekly Court of Directors is held every Wednesday, from Eleven to One o'clock, to receive proposals for new assurance; and a short account of the Society may be had on application, personally or by post, from the office, where attendance is given daily, from Ten to Four o'clock.

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FUNDS AND REVENUE.

Policies—holders' Fund, Realised and Invested.....£3,700,000

Annual Revenue.....£436,000

MODERATE PREMIUMS.

The Premiums are somewhat under the average of those charged by the Leading Life Offices of the country.

EFFECT OF BONUSES ON POLICIES FOR £1,000.  
 These Bonuses are not exceeded by those of any other Office.

Date of Policy.	1862	1863	1864	1865	1866
1815	£3372	£3409	£3445	£3483	£3519
1820	2911	2943	2973	3014	3135
1825	1883	1912	1941	1970	2000
1830	1753	1782	1810	1837	1864
1835	1614	1639	1664	1689	1714
1840	1468	1491	1514	1537	1559
1845	1324	1346	1368	1389	1409
1850	1229	1248	1267	1287	1306
1855	1134	1152	1169	1187	1204

ALL NECESSARY INFORMATION SENT FREE.

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LIVERPOOL OFFICE—WATER STREET.

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 Lighty Simpson, Esq., Chairman of the East Anglian Railway Company, London.  
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MANAGER.

W. F. Clirehugh, Esq.

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Messrs. Paine & Layton, London; Messrs. Fletcher & Hull, Liverpool.

PROSPECTUS.

The LONDON AND LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY is established for the purpose of extending to LIVERPOOL, as well as to LONDON and elsewhere, those additional facilities for Fire Insurance which the very large increase in Commerce requires. The Directors propose to transact business at the lowest possible rates consistent with justice to the Shareholders and safety to the Insured, and they propose to extend the MUTUAL PRINCIPLE to Fire Insurance, and make the holders of Fire Policies participants in the Profits after appropriating a sufficient sum for a Reserve Fund.

INSURANCES AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE on every description of Property both at home and abroad.

MERCANTILE INSURANCES UNDERTAKEN.  
 COMMISSION allowed to Solicitors and others introducing business.  
 POLICY STAMPS paid for by the Company.  
 Prospectuses and every information obtained on application at the Offices as above.

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Capital £2,500,000.

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 John Robert Thompson, Jun., Esq.  
 Joseph Underwood, Esq.  
 John Kemp Welch, Esq.

MANAGER.—Henry Thomson.  
 BANKERS.—The London and County Bank.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

This Company is UNFETTERED BY ANY COMBINATION with other offices.  
 The scale of premiums adopted for MERCHANTS and GENERAL BUSINESS is based on the PRINCIPLE of CLASSIFICATION—the charge being in proportion to the CHARACTER of the RISK.

Proposals received for the protection of all descriptions of property.  
 Real Estate, Factories, Goods may be insured by those who operate between the original sale and day of "prompt."

LOSSES will be met with fairness, liberality, and despatch.  
 Forms of proposal and every information will be given at the Chief Office, 19 Cornhill, London, E.C.

HENRY GHINN, Secretary.

# NORTH BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER AND ACT OF PARLIAMENT.  
 HEAD OFFICE—64 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE NORTH BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY was held within the Company's Office, 64 Princes Street, Edinburgh, on MONDAY, 3rd March, 1862, in terms of the Constitution of the Company—

JOHN ANDERSON, Esq., Senior Director, in the Chair.

A Report by the Directors was read of the business transacted during the year 1861, in which the following results were communicated—

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The PREMIUMS received during the year 1861, deducting Re-insurances, amounted to Being £10,685 5 1 above 1860, and £18,433 6 0 above 1859. . . . . £33,398

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

783 NEW POLICIES had been issued, Assuring the sum of . . . . . £387,486  
 And paying of ANNUAL PREMIUMS . . . . . £18,503  
 In the ANNUITY BUSINESS 179 Bonds had been granted, for which was received the sum of . . . . . £31,209  
 The ACCUMULATED FUND now amounts to . . . . . £1,174,383  
 And the ANNUAL REVENUE to . . . . . £114,655

On the motion of the CHAIRMAN, seconded by GEORGE WARRINGTON, Esq., the Report was unanimously approved of, and the usual Dividend of 5 per cent. on the paid-up Capital of the Company declared, payable on the 7th of April next, free of income-tax.

LONDON OFFICE—4 NEW BANK BUILDINGS, LONDON.

W. F. BIRKMYRE, Secretary.

# THE LONDON ASSURANCE—Offices, No. 7 Royal Exchange, E.C., and No. 7 Pall Mall, S.W.—for FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES.

This Corporation has been established nearly a century and a half, having been incorporated by Royal Charter in the year 1730.  
 Prospectuses and every information may be obtained by a written or personal application as above.

JOHN LAURENCE, Secretary.

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IVORY HANDLES.	Table Knives Per Dozen.	Desert Knives per Dozen.	Carvers per Pair.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
3½-inch Ivory Handles . . . . .	12 6	10 0	4 3
3½-inch Fine Ivory Handles . . . . .	15 0	11 6	4 3
4-inch Ivory Balance Handles . . . . .	18 0	14 0	4 3
4-inch Ivory Handles . . . . .	24 0	17 0	7 3
4-inch Finest African Ivory Handles . . . . .	30 0	20 0	11 0
Ditto with Silver Ferrules . . . . .	40 0	33 0	13 6
Ditto, Carved Handles, Silver Ferrules . . . . .	50 0	43 0	17 6
Nickel Electro-Silver Handles, any pattern . . . . .	25 0	19 0	6 0
Silver Handles, of any Pattern . . . . .	81 0	34 0	21 0
BONE AND HORN HANDLES.—KNIVES AND FORKS PER DOZEN.			
White Bone Handles . . . . .	11 0	8 6	21 6
Ditto Balance Handles . . . . .	21 0	17 0	4 0
Black Horn Rimmed Shoulders . . . . .	17 0	14 0	4 0
Ditto Very Strong Riveted Handles . . . . .	13 0	9 0	3 0

The largest stock in existence of plated desert knives and forks, in cases and otherwise, and of the new plated fish carvers.

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DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING,

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SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

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The late Dr. JONATHAN PEREIRA, F.R.S., Physician to the London Hospital.  
 "It was fitting that the author of the best analyses and investigations into the properties of this Oil should himself be the purveyor of this important medicine. Whether considered with reference to its colour, flavour, or chemical properties, I am satisfied that for medicinal purposes no finer Oil can be procured."

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"I have frequently recommended persons consulting me to make use of Dr. De Jongh's Cod Liver Oil. I have been well satisfied with its effect, and believe it to be a very pure Oil, well fitted for those cases in which the use of that substance is indicated."

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